HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1889.

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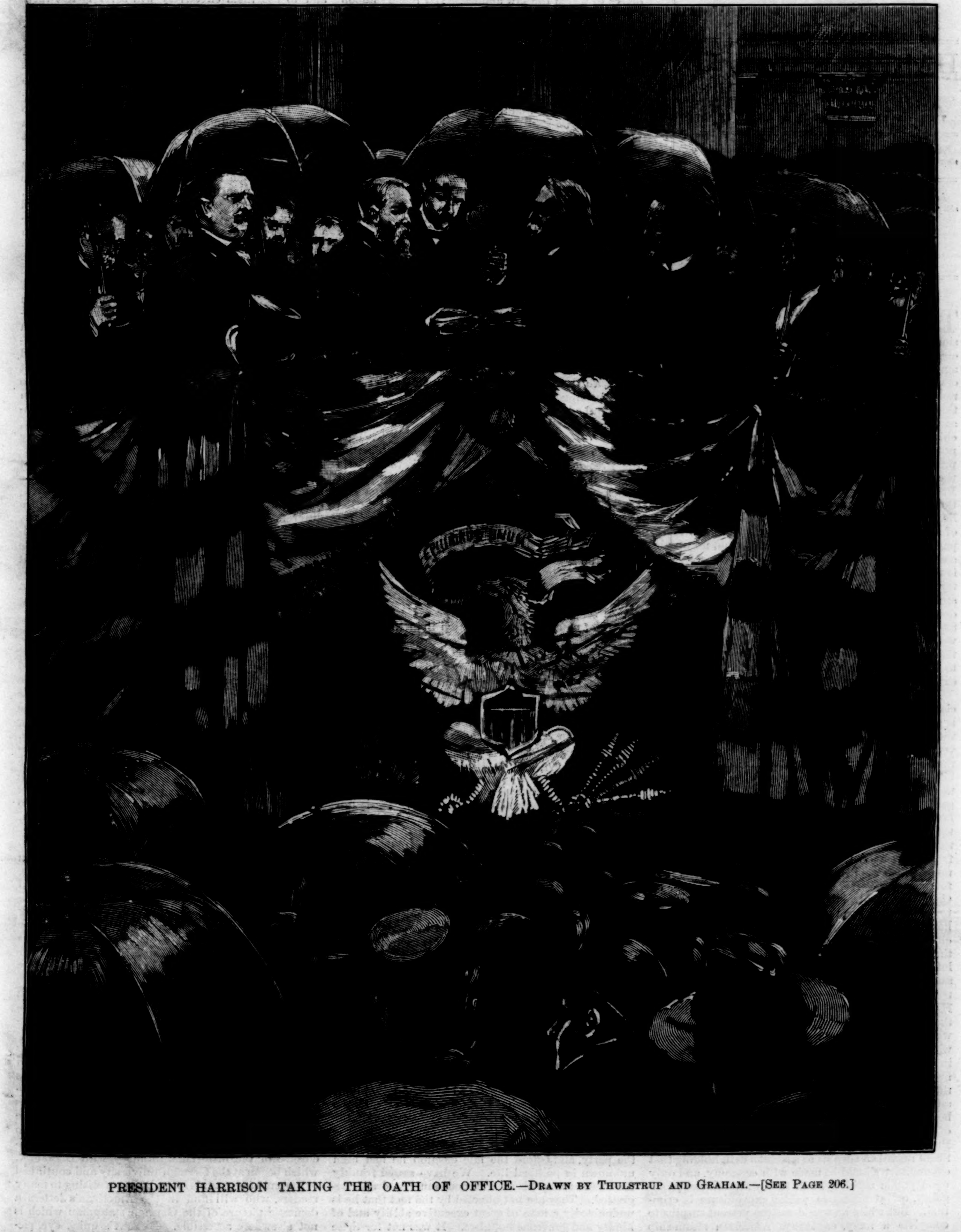
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



PRESIDENT HARRISON TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE.—Drawn by Thulstrup and Graham.—[See Page 206.]

"The cleverest authors contribute of their best to Harper's Young People, and the most famous artists lend their pencils to its embellishment."—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly for Boys and Girls.

The number for March 12th contains the conclusion of the story, "Black Spirits and White," by Richard Malcolm Johnston; *the twelfth instalment of "Captain Polly"; and a short story, entitled "Caught in the Ice," with an illustration by* Charles Graham.

Joseph Donoghue, *the eighteen-year-old champion skater, is the subject of a sketch which is accompanied by his portrait.*

Dr. Watson L. Savage *contributes his second paper on the subject of "How can I get the Best of the Doctor?"*

The principal illustration is "The Latest Novel," from the painting by J. G. Brown, N.A.

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, March 16, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

In the next number of Harper's Weekly *will be begun a new story, entitled*

"A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES,"

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. ROGERS.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

THE tone and temper of President Harrison's inaugural address are admirable, and the impression of sincerity and moderation, yet not without clearness of view and vigor of conviction, is very agreeable. The address has been received with general satisfaction, and mainly because it promises no radical departure from the course of the administration of Mr. Cleveland. It was said contemptuously at the beginning of the late administration that its chief merit lay in following its predecessor and in not seriously disturbing the situation. But it is high praise of any administration that it does not change the existing order merely for the sake of change. President Harrison speaks of the chief public questions positively but temperately. He is a Republican, but remembering that the President is the head of a nation as well as of a party, there is no mere partisan tone in his address, no exultation, no unfair assumption or innuendo. He holds that protection is the wise and historic policy under which the country has greatly prospered, but he states it as Clay and the Whigs understood it, and points out that the open adhesion to the policy by those in the Southern States who believe it to be the best for the country would tend to the happy solution of the race question. This is done in a manner entirely respectful to those who differ, without vituperation and without extravagance.

President Harrison says that he will have no special sectional policy. This is but reasonable, for this is a country of equal laws and equal obligations, and the common welfare can be promoted only by universal obedience to law. He states unanswerably the fundamental truth that a community which habitually and deliberately violates essential laws sanctions disorder and invites revolution. If the intelligent and substantial part of a community defies the law which provides for the exercise of equal constitutional and legal rights, it inculcates upon the ignorant and dangerous classes a lesson which will recoil frightfully upon the teacher. The President makes no practical application of this truth, which is profoundly suggestive. But he speaks of the power of Congress to control the election of its members as one to be exercised upon proper occasion. Party success, he says, achieved by any kind of fraud, which includes, although the President does not mention them, "floaters in blocks of five," "soap," tissue ballots, inequitable election laws, and terrorism, is necessarily hurtful and evanescent. These are undeniable truths, and to be carefully pondered. But President Harrison does not say, even if he means to imply, that Congressional control of elections in the States would draw out the vote in the Southern States which is now, for various reasons, withheld, or hasten in any degree a general good understanding. He urges patriotism and the moderation of party spirit, the holding of differing opinions with mutual respect, and frank acquiescence in the decision of the ballot-box. All this is wise and timely, and his own heed of it in executive administration would commend the President to universal confidence. President Harrison regards a surplus as a serious evil, holding that expenditure should be made with economy, and only upon public necessity, and that wastefulness, prodigality, or favoritism in public expenditure is criminal. But while he would use the present surplus to complete a navy, encourage American steam-ship lines, and develop trade with South America, he mentions no plan for reducing a surplus, saying only that he believes it can be done without breaking down the protective tariff. But spending a surplus will not promote economy, and, as all experience and reason prove, will but stimulate the wastefulness, prodigality, and favoritism which he brands as criminal.

Of reform in the civil service President Harrison says little. He states that heads of departments as well as other officers will be expected to enforce the existing law, which covers perhaps a fifth of the government employés. The President's tenacity upon this point alone would accomplish much, for faithful regard to his own words would require the appointment by him of firm friends of reform to the heads of offices to which the law applies. His remarks upon this subject, however, evidently contemplate much change in the service. He says that honorable party activity will not be esteemed by him a disqualification for public employment. But for the great part of such employment it is certainly not a qualification. The President undoubtedly speaks sincerely in saying that he hopes to do something to advance the reform. But he would have already advanced it greatly had he said that no honest and efficient employé who respects the political proprieties of his position need fear removal. An assurance of this kind, which would have given confidence to honest and quiet public employés, would have been in itself reform. Yet there has been so much futile profession and promise upon this subject that President Harrison's deprecation of his probable ability to do much has the merit of moderating expectation. His course will be judged by none more fairly and considerately than by those who believe in reform, not as a means of securing party advantage, but as a policy to promote the general welfare. President Harrison will not expect, of course, that he can do what the Republican party has ceaselessly denounced President Cleveland for doing, without encountering quite as strong a condemnation. The address treats our foreign relations in an exceedingly reasonable, firm, and friendly manner, and a policy truly in accord with the President's remarks would be universally sustained by all fair-minded Americans. An inaugural address remarkable for simplicity, dignity, moderation, and evident honesty ends in a strain worthy of this memorable year. Lifting his eyes from the dazzling spectacle of our material prosperity, the President says, in a spirit which is that of the purest and best Americanism, that we will "crown with highest honor the State that has most promoted education, virtue, justice, and patriotism among the people." President Harrison's administration begins with the hearty good wishes of all his patriotic fellow-citizens, whether they supported or opposed him at the polls.

THE NEW CABINET.

THE selection of the President's cabinet was the subject of more violent contention than that of any other President. The demands of States and factions were so incessant and vociferous that there was general apprehension that a cabinet might be imposed upon him by intrigue and clamor, rather than selected by his own unbiassed judgment of expediency. But the President kept his own counsel heroically, and whatever the motives or the influences which governed him, the cabinet must be judged upon its merits. Two of its members only are generally known to the country—Mr. Blaine and Mr. Windom. Upon any theory of party government Mr. Blaine was a necessary choice for a President who did not hold him to be personally objectionable. He is undoubtedly the most popular Republican leader, and certainly he is the chief representative of the policy, the spirit, and the tendency of the Republican canvass before the election. If to these considerations be added his long experience in public life, his selection is certainly not surprising. It is true that a powerful and important body of Republicans deeply regret his prominence in the party, and profoundly distrust him, but they acquiesce in his appointment as a party necessity, believing that his exclusion from the cabinet would have produced a disastrous breach in the party.

Mr. Windom was a conspicuous Senator sixteen or seventeen years ago. He was a candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1880, and was Secretary of the Treasury during Garfield's short administration. In that position he had little opportunity; but he made an excellent impression, and after careful inquiry he cordially approved the reformed system of selection for minor appointments in the customs service before it was sanctioned by law and while it yet depended wholly upon Executive favor. Of the other members of the cabinet, Mr. Wanamaker, the Postmaster-General, because of recent discussions, is the most conspicuous. He is in no sense a leader of the party, and before the late election he had been unknown in political life. We have stated frankly the reasons why his appointment must be deeply regretted. They are not affected by the fact that he is undoubtedly a man of great executive ability and of kindly and generous impulses. It was not for these reasons that he was appointed. We shall certainly judge candidly his administration of the Post-office, and shall gladly commend all the wise energy and efficiency that he may display. Moreover, we have no grounds for supposing that he sought the appointment. But its reason is none the less to be deplored. General Tracy, of Brooklyn, the Secretary of the Navy, is favorably known in this neighborhood as a gallant soldier of the Union, a man of high personal character, and of unquestionable ability and distinction as a lawyer. He is a very much more satisfactory representative of New York Republicanism than Mr. Platt. The other members of the cabinet have all a local political or professional distinction, and their appointment opens to them great opportunities, and to use them effectively will severely test their powers.

There is no reason to suppose that President Harrison proposes to surrender his position as the responsible head of the administration, and the impression that he has made already is that of a self-possessed, moderate, and conservative man, whose moderation will be probably sustained by his advisers. If it were generally believed that the Jingo spirit would dominate the cabinet there would be a great deal of uneasiness. But this disposition is not supposed to be that of the President, in whose inaugural address there is not only no sign of it, but a tone wholly and decisively opposed to it. There is undoubtedly plenty of the Jingo spirit in the country, but it does not overbear the national good sense, and it is not characteristic of the Republican party. Indeed the spirit of the President's treatment of foreign affairs in his inaugural address is entirely harmonious with that of Secretary Bayard. "Calmness, justice, and consideration should characterize our diplomacy," says President Harrison. "The offices of an intelligent diplomacy and of friendly arbitration in proper cases should be adequate to the peaceful adjustment of all international difficulties." That is a peculiarly wise and American declaration, and it describes the spirit in which Mr. Bayard has conducted our foreign relations. It has been a course without bluster or swagger, but it has surrendered neither the true national honor nor interest. We see no reason to doubt that President Harrison will pursue a similar course. Upon the whole, it is plain, we think, that he will be master in the cabinet. He is a very different man from General Garfield, and the difference is of a kind which justifies the feeling that we express. Contrasted with Garfield's amiable and brilliant effusiveness, General Harrison is reticent and undemonstrative. But in the event of a difference between him and the Secretary of State, the Senate would probably incline toward the President. We know no reason, however, to anticipate differences, and what we have said of the President is no less true of the cabinet, that its conduct will be judged, by independent observers at least, solely upon its merits.

MOTLEY'S LETTERS.

THE letters of the historian Motley, which are just published by the Harpers, have all the variety and ardor and charm which would be expected from the historian of the Dutch Republic. He wrote with a sympathetic warmth and fulness of detail, with the lively humor, fine observation, and tender feeling which give such vivid reality to his historical works, but also with a freedom and sense of complete *camaraderie* which are naturally less apparent upon the more careful historic page. Motley had an exquisite sensitiveness of nature, which gave him the keenest appreciation and enjoyment of life, and he had also the proud courage and independence of the gentleman, and the blended qualities often flamed out in passionate vehemence of expression. The letters now published, however, show these characteristics only in their pleasantest, not in their controversial, aspects. In the correspondence from Vienna during our civil war, when he could not tear his mind from the absorbing theme, the absolute and uncompromising nature of his convictions is strikingly revealed. There is no more graphic and valuable contemporaneous record than they afford of the earnestness and vigor of the Union sentiment at that time. It cannot be said that the most scholarly circles of American life were indifferent to the great struggle, for it is from those circles that the most permanent, because the most sympathetic, comprehensive, and profound, expression of that sentiment has proceeded.

But the variety of the Motley correspondence is delightful. Its swift, bright sketches of travel, and details of Russian, German, and Italian life, its crowded gallery of portraits of the most famous English society when it was full of historic figures, its glimpses of court circles, with its constant view of the devoted student and author suddenly rising into fame, are very engaging and interesting. The disclosure of the historian's intimacy with Bismarck, which began at the German university and continued to the end of Motley's life, will be surprising to many readers, who will find in the American's letters a domestic picture of the German statesman which is not elsewhere accessible. Motley's quick eye, picturesque phrase, and instinctive appreciation make all the personal descriptions—and the volumes are full of them—like flashes of light upon the people whom he meets. At Varzin, when BISMARCK'S renown was at its height, MOTLEY tries to make his greatness real, and BISMARCK laughingly responds. So in London when he questions PALMERSTON, then an old man, how he does his trying work, the Prime-Minister jauntily turns the question aside by treating it as a mere matter of routine.

MOTLEY was twice American Minister, first in Austria, then in England. But one of his greatest services to his country was performed while he was yet a private citizen. He was in England, in the full flush of his fame, flattered on all sides and universally sought, both for his celebrity and for his social charm, when our civil war began, and English society, the London clubs and drawing-rooms, were strongly and contemptuously hostile to the Union cause, MOTLEY, thoroughly equipped for the purpose, used all his social prestige to correct the curious ignorance of the English upon the subject, and summed up clearly and conclusively the great argument for the Union in two letters to the London *Times*, which was venomously inimical to the American cause. No American in Europe was so situated and so fitted to instruct European opinion, and he nobly seized and improved his opportunity. There was no hesitation, no evasion, no sophistry. He was never so intensely American as then, and in himself, no less than in his high intelligence and special knowledge, he was our triumphant advocate. These volumes of MOTLEY'S intimate letters, revealing "the unbought grace" of the man, his fond and affectionate domesticity, as well as his shrewd observation and fascinating portrayal of the panorama that passed before his eyes, will acquaint his countrymen with the delightful personality of a man who has been known hitherto only as the famous historian.

A HISTORIC EVENT.

THERE has seldom been a more sudden and striking turn in the fortunes of a leader and his cause than that which has recently occurred in the estimate of Mr. PARNELL and the Irish question. The deadly antipathy of characteristic English opinion to Ireland and the Irish leaders culminated in the *Times's* presentation of "Parnellism and Crime," which was regarded by that opinion as substantially true. Mr. PARNELL'S guilt, once established before a competent and trusted tribunal, would have discredited the Irish cause beyond present recovery. The scene was set for that purpose. In the eyes of England and the world the trial began. It drew nearer and nearer to the vital point. But just as that point was reached the entire scheme of the *Times* shivered, collapsed, and fell. Its chief witness, a panic-stricken and confessed perjurer, fled by night and killed himself. Tory England was forced to acknowledge that the criminal accusation of Mr. PARNELL, which it had accepted as undoubtedly true, was the invention of a notorious forger, and that the man whom, with his cause, it was waiting to brand with infamy, was absolutely untouched, while the authority and standing of the *Times* were ruined.

In the midst of the excitement of the astounding disclosure, which wrung from the *Times* an unwilling and unhandsome apology, Mr. PARNELL, whom it had sought to destroy, appeared, pale and tranquil, in the witness box, and quietly denied—England and the world believing—the authenticity of the letters, his simple word accepted as the truth. A little later, in the House of Commons, with an adverse majority of a hundred, the greatest of living Englishmen, with a large body of his friends and supporters, rose and bowed respectfully to Mr. PARNELL as he entered quietly and unmoved, the hall ringing with such cheers and enthusiasm as it has seldom heard. Then, without allusion to the scene or to the extraordinary events which had occasioned it, still pale and tranquil, Mr. PARNELL, fully equal to the crowning hour of his career, spoke a few words, so wise, so temperate, and so timely that they completed in every generous and candid English mind the impression of sincere and unstained devotion to a great cause which the sudden and total failure of the prosecution had begun. The scene in Parliament must become historical, and the figure of the Irish leader, cold and passive, as it always seems, becomes more striking than that of any of his predecessors, from the very absence of the qualities which are held to be distinctive of his countrymen.

England, he said in substance, can grant all that Ireland asks without losing in the least degree the power completely to protect her own empire. He has said it before, but never before when it was heard with respect or the slightest confidence. When speaking before this night he had been regarded as a reckless demagogue conniving at dastardly crimes. But now all this belief had been overthrown, and from the furnace lighted to consume him he had emerged unscathed. In the long history of Irish misrule, suffering, and sorrow pleading with England for friendship and justice, there is no more impressive and significant incident. It must have a profound and lasting and happy effect upon the cause of home rule. It must necessarily beget a tolerance and patience which have been hitherto unknown, and stimulate a spirit of candor and fair play which will lead to results most fortunate for both countries.

MARY LOUISE BOOTH.

THE death of Miss BOOTH, the editor of HARPER'S BAZAR since its establishment more than twenty years ago, has elicited a general expression of respect, which shows how highly and justly she was appreciated. She was a woman of strong character as well as of unusual literary accomplishment—a character which was illustrated by profound and intelligent interest in the welfare of women, united with a thorough independence, in preference of the usual methods by which that welfare is sought to be promoted. With strong convictions and a gift of forcible expression, a woman whose work necessarily associated her much with men, although she asserted clearly and quietly exercised what she held to be her rights as a woman, she was indisposed to agitate the question of rights, doubting whether another were not a wiser way.

For her especial editorial task she was peculiarly fitted by her literary tastes and training. She had no spirit of controversy, and the literary atmosphere of the BAZAR from the beginning illustrates her own temperament, unvexed by storms or currents of dispute, mild, equable, serene. No publication of the kind has maintained so high a standard as the BAZAR under her management, bringing not only its particular technical service to every household, but also an intellectual impulse and moral cheer. Miss BOOTH'S abilities were early shown by the eagerness and variety of her studies, and she soon made her facility available by a great variety of translations from the French, among which an English version of HENRI MARTIN'S *History of France* was the most important and elaborate. Of this work four volumes were published, and also the translation of the complete abridgment made by the author. Her translation of GASPARIN'S *Uprising of a Great People*, published at the beginning of the civil war, was one of the chief literary events of that tremendous time; and her *History of the City of New York* is an excellent condensed narrative. Miss BOOTH maintained a friendly correspondence with distinguished French authors, and her home was long the scene of literary assemblies which recalled the *salons* of Paris.

In her death her immediate editorial associates suffer a loss which cannot be replaced. The gentle dignity, the friendly sympathy, the perfect courtesy and earnest interest, which marked her daily intercourse at the office are pleasant to remember, so that the darkening void of her departure becomes happily a perspective of tender light. She was always kindly, considerate, unassuming. With the constant coming of the paper which she edited, her name also came noiselessly to thousands of households, which learned to look upon it as the name of a friend. They will hear with sorrow that the unseen but familiar friend is gone, and they will long cherish, with her personal companions, the memory of a true woman, and of a faithful, blameless, and devoted life.

A CHARACTERISTIC LAST OFFICIAL ACT.

THE last important official act of President CLEVELAND was very characteristic. Few Presidents have used the veto power oftener or more effectively, and never more wisely than in this final instance. Unable honestly to approve the bill for distributing some of the surplus under the pretext of repaying the direct tax collected under the act of August 5, 1861, he returned the bill to Congress with a message admirable in tone and conclusive in argument. Mr. EDMUNDS, the Republican leader of the Senate, and its most profound constitutional lawyer, was one of the nine Senators who voted to sustain the veto.

The tax was levied and collected by due authority, and its proceeds were expended for public purposes by the same authority, and not only can the money not be returned constitutionally to those who paid it, but it would not be contended that unnecessary revenues could be raised constitutionally for the purpose of such distribution. As President CLEVELAND said in his message, the bill does not appropriate money to pay any public debt, or in any honest interpretation to provide for the common defence or the general welfare, but is a "sheer bald gratuity bestowed either upon States or individuals." This last message of the late President is well worthy of attentive consideration as an illustration of the faithful, truthful, able, and efficient manner in which he discharged his duty.

The Presidential office may well be maintained if only because of the immense value of the veto power. No great power of the Executive has been less abused or more beneficially exercised. Mr. CLEVELAND made frequent use of it, and in its application to private pension bills he was thought somewhat to have cheapened it. But those vetoes were illustrations not only of the conscientious thoroughness of his official action, but they exposed the reckless legislation of Congress and demonstrated the practical wisdom of such a check. It will be happy for the country if the new President shall show in his great office the same ability, fidelity, intelligence, and patriotism which are displayed in the veto messages of his predecessor.

THE CITY CIVIL SERVICE.

HAVING submitted to the Mayor its fifth annual report, the members of the Supervisory Board of the Municipal Civil Service of New York, Messrs. EVERETT P. WHEELER, E. L. GODKIN, and E. RANDOLPH ROBINSON, have resigned at the Mayor's request. It has been the singular good fortune of this reform—to which much of its rapid progress is due—that it has been intrusted at the outset to those who had an intelligent and hearty faith in it. The National Commission was organized with Mr. DORMAN B. EATON as its practical head. The State Commission of New York was composed by Governor CLEVELAND of faithful and energetic friends of reform, with Mr. JOHN JAY as chairman. In Massachusetts the State Board has been of the same character, so that the reformed system began at all these points under most favorable auspices.

Nowhere, however, did the prospect of reform seem less promising than in the cities of New York and Brooklyn. Yet the happy fact that Mr. LOW was Mayor secured to Brooklyn an efficient and honest administration of the new system, and in New York Mayor EDSON, with his successors Mr. GRACE and Mr. HEWITT, have co-operated heartily in the establishment of the reform. But the demonstration in the very centre of the worst abuses of the spoils system that the reform was perfectly practicable and salutary has been mainly due to the gentlemen whom we have named, and who now, after five years of constant, diligent, and efficient service, rendered without any compensation, have retired.

Their service has been a signal and very unusual illustration of public spirit upon the most unpromising field. It has been a service valuable in proportion to its difficulty, and possible only to great sagacity, knowledge, and persistence. In the hands of men who had not the especial equipment of these gentlemen, the result would have been the total and ludicrous discredit of the reformed system. Anything but success would have been a damaging blow to the reform, and success was possible only to resolution, intelligence, and tenacity. The work can be continued efficiently only by Commissioners of the same spirit, and if the gentlemen whom the Mayor has selected shall serve the cause of honest government with the same zeal and knowledge and success which their predecessors have displayed, they in turn will be entitled to the same public gratitude.

PERSONAL.

PUNDITA RAMABAI, the educated Hindoo woman who came to this country to raise money for a home in Bombay where child widows of the higher castes might be educated, obtained about $20,000 in subscriptions, and the promise of an income of $5000 a year for a period of ten years.

—The personal bereavement which Mr. WILLIAM D. HOWELLS has suffered in the death of his eldest daughter, WINIFRED, is one that has excited the keen sympathy of his many friends. This young lady had been an invalid for a number of years, but all who know the depth and tenderness of the attachment which grows out of the sedulous nursing of a fragile life will appreciate the poignancy of the grief which attends its close.

—The Rev. JOSEPH COOK in some recent Monday lectures found occasion to make several references to *The Capitals of Spanish America* (HARPER & BROTHERS), by WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS. He designated it as "this superb book of travels," and commended it as worthy of the most careful study.

—Rev. Dr. E. G. ROBINSON will resign the Presidency of Brown University at the close of the present college year. He is seventy-four years old, but retains full physical and mental vigor, and his only reason for desiring to retire is that he thinks it would be better for the college to have a younger man in his place. He is willing, however, to retain the professorships of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy and of Natural Theology. Dr. ROBINSON was graduated at Brown in 1838 and at Newton in 1842, and preached for several years in the South. Then he became a professor in the Covington (Kentucky) Theological Seminary, but was driven from there by the antislavery agitation, and went to the Rochester Theological Seminary. He was elected President of Brown in 1872.

—Congressman SAMUEL J. RANDALL has been mustered into the Grand Army at Philadelphia, a provisional Post representing GEORGE S. MEADE Post, and with Congressman WILLIAM WARNER, of Kansas, Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army, as Commander, being organized for the purpose. The muster was one of the finest ever witnessed by the order, and was attended by prominent members from all over the country. Although a Congressman during the war, Mr. RANDALL was also a member of the Philadelphia City Troop, and served on two occasions—during the first three months of the war, and again in 1863, when the Confederates invaded Pennsylvania and Maryland.

—Colonel J. T. NORTH, who is known as "the Nitrate King," or "South American Monte Cristo," is dazzling London by the magnificence of his entertaining, the cost of a fancy-dress ball which he recently gave being estimated at $75,000. And yet the Colonel (his title is new, and was acquired through becoming the head of a volunteer regiment) was thirty years ago a workman in an agricultural implement factory at Leeds. He was sent to South America to put up machinery for his employers, obtained control of vast nitrate beds by government concession, and made his millions. He now lives at a beautiful country place in Kent, England, and is at the head of many money-making ventures.

—The grave of MARY WASHINGTON, the mother of the first President, is in a sad state of neglect at Fredericksburg, Virginia, and there is danger of its being sold at auction, with the twelve acres of ground that once formed the old homestead.

—Dr. ALVAN TALCOTT, of Guilford, Connecticut, a member of the Yale class of 1828, and one of the oldest of her alumni, has given the college $25,000 to endow a professorship of Greek.

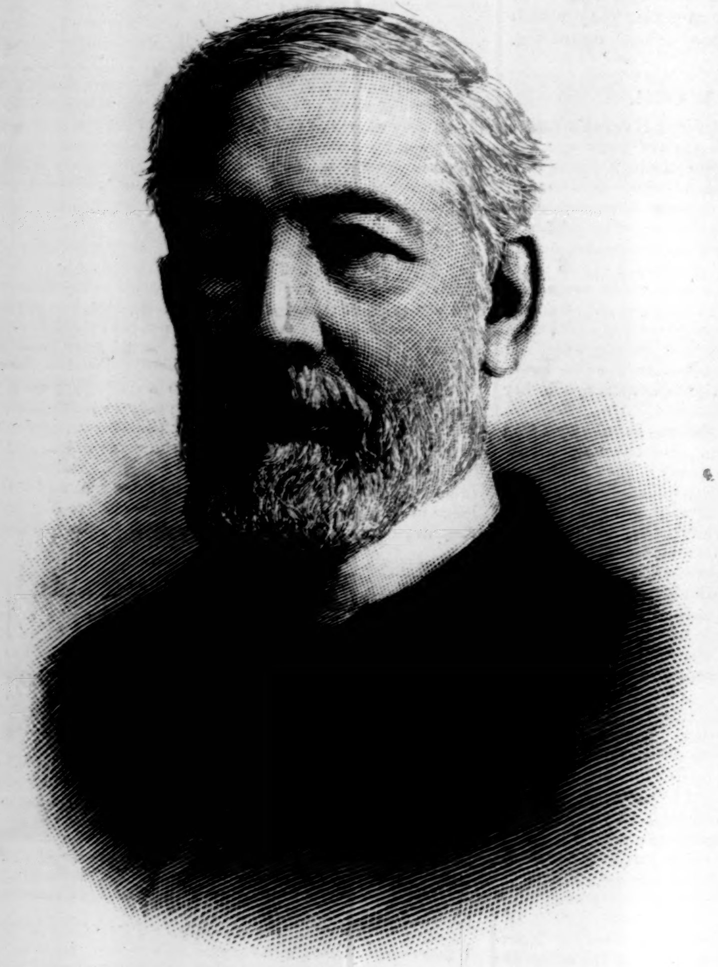
—A cellar full of good cider proved very handy for quenching a fire that broke out in EDWARD BLISS'S house at Brimfield, Massachusetts, during the recent cold spell, the pump being frozen up.

—Mrs. ARTHUR POST, daughter of the late General JAMES WADSWORTH, of Geneseo, New York, sister of ex-Congressman JAMES W. WADSWORTH, and widow of a New York city gentleman, has just been married in London to A. H. SMITH-BARRY, member of Parliament for Huntingdon. She was once a belle in New York society, and her marriage was something of a surprise to many of her friends on this side of the water.

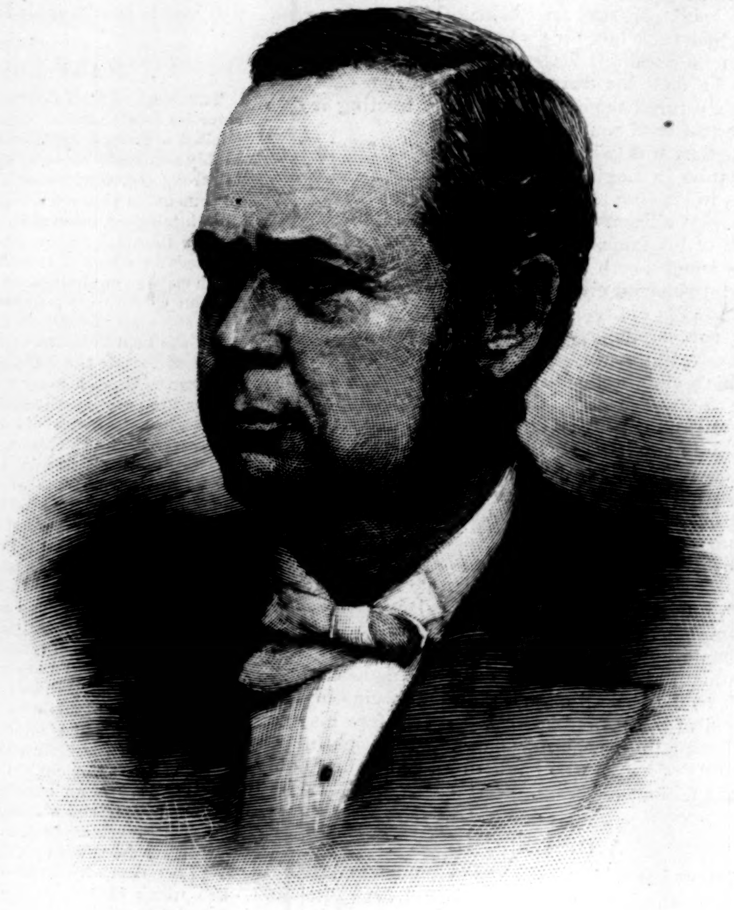
—WARREN B. B. WESCOTT and JANE F. TRUEMAN have just been married at Saratoga, although they were lovers forty years ago. At that time Mr. WESCOTT proved recreant, and married a rich widow, when Miss TRUEMAN brought a successful breach of promise suit against him, but refused to accept the damages awarded her. WESCOTT became a widower not long ago, and he has rewon his old love, although the couple are respectively seventy and sixty years old.

—A huge and once noted painting, called "Christ Rejected," and which represented Christ before Pilate, has been unearthed at Indianapolis among the effects of a man named TAYLOR, who was once associated with P. T. BARNUM. It was painted in 1822 by WILLIAM DUNLAP, an American artist and playwright, and created quite a sensation while being shown about the country, in much the same way that MUNKACSY'S pictures have been in the present day.

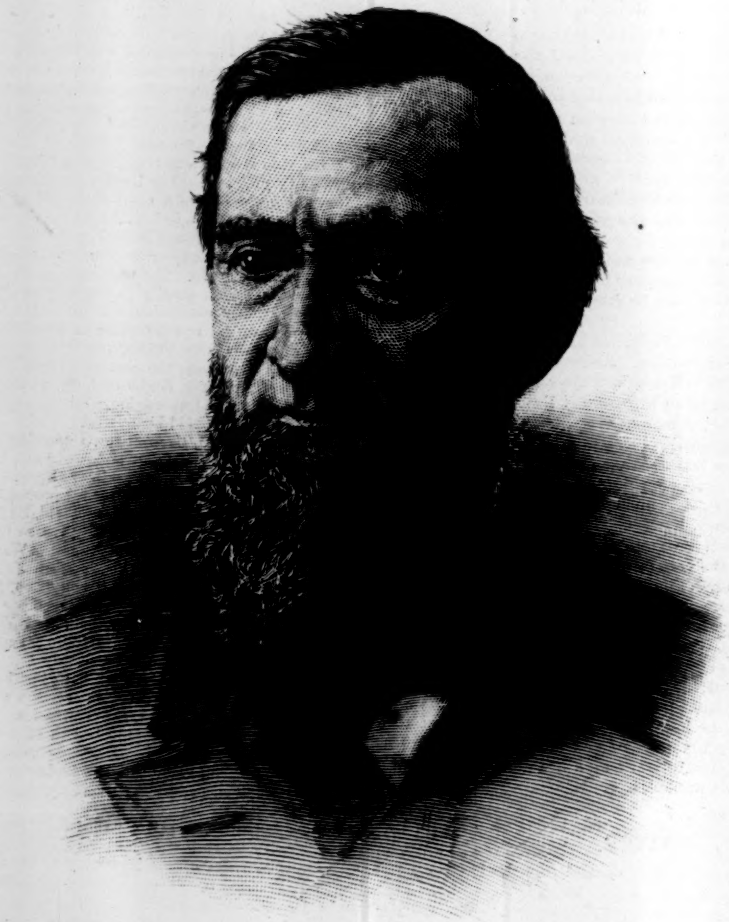
—ISAAC MURPHY, who has for several years ridden more winning horses than any other jockey, receives $10,000 a year from his employer, "Lucky" BALDWIN, and makes about $6000 more by riding outside mounts. He does not drink, swear, lie, or bet, and is said to have better control of his horse than any other rider. He is worth about $50,000, and owns a small farm near Lexington, Kentucky, where he lives with his family when the racing season is over.



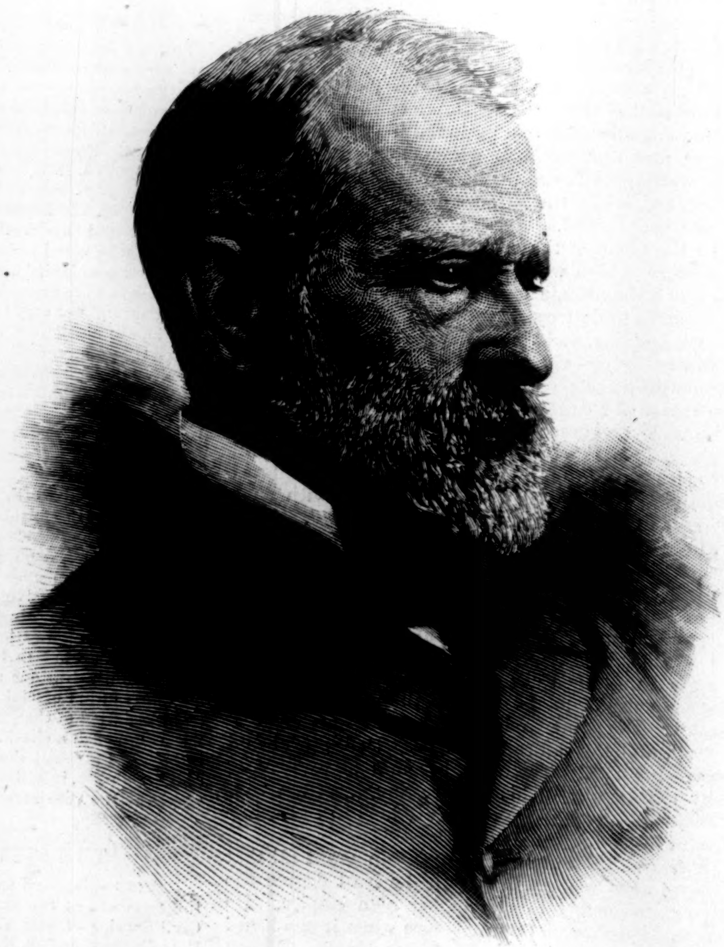
HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, OF MAINE, SECRETARY OF STATE.—From a Photograph by Prince, of Washington, taken at a Sitting specially given for "Harper's Weekly."



HON. WILLIAM WINDOM, OF MINNESOTA, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

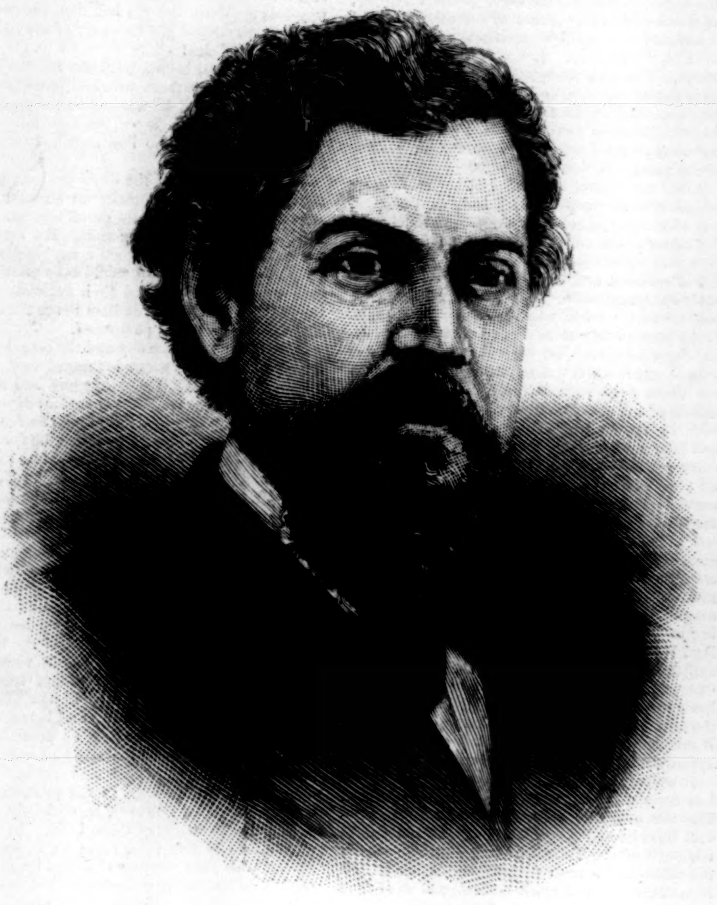


HON. REDFIELD PROCTOR, OF VERMONT, SECRETARY OF WAR.
From a Photograph by Hastings, Boston.

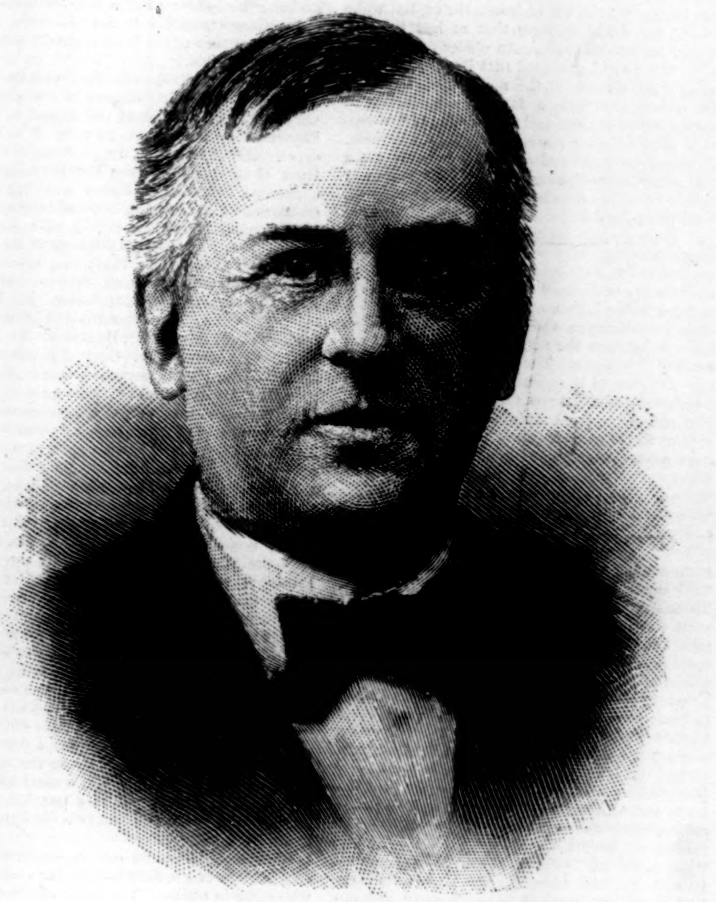


HON. BENJAMIN F. TRACY, OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.
From a Photograph by F. Pearsall, Brooklyn.

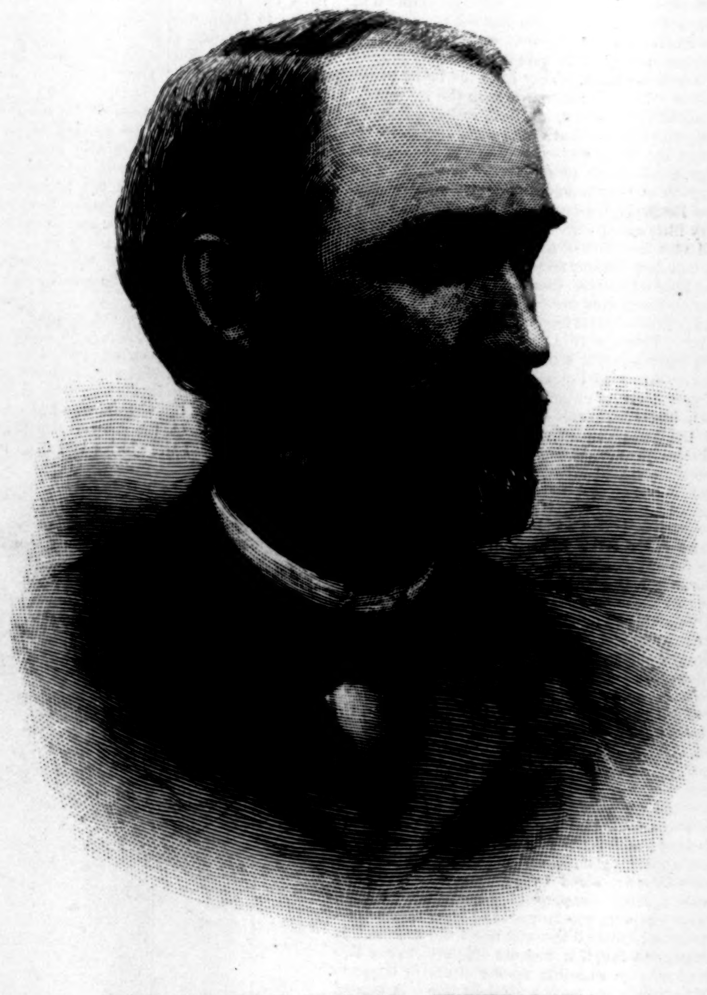
THE MEMBERS OF PRESIDENT HARRISON'S CABINET.—[See Page 207.]



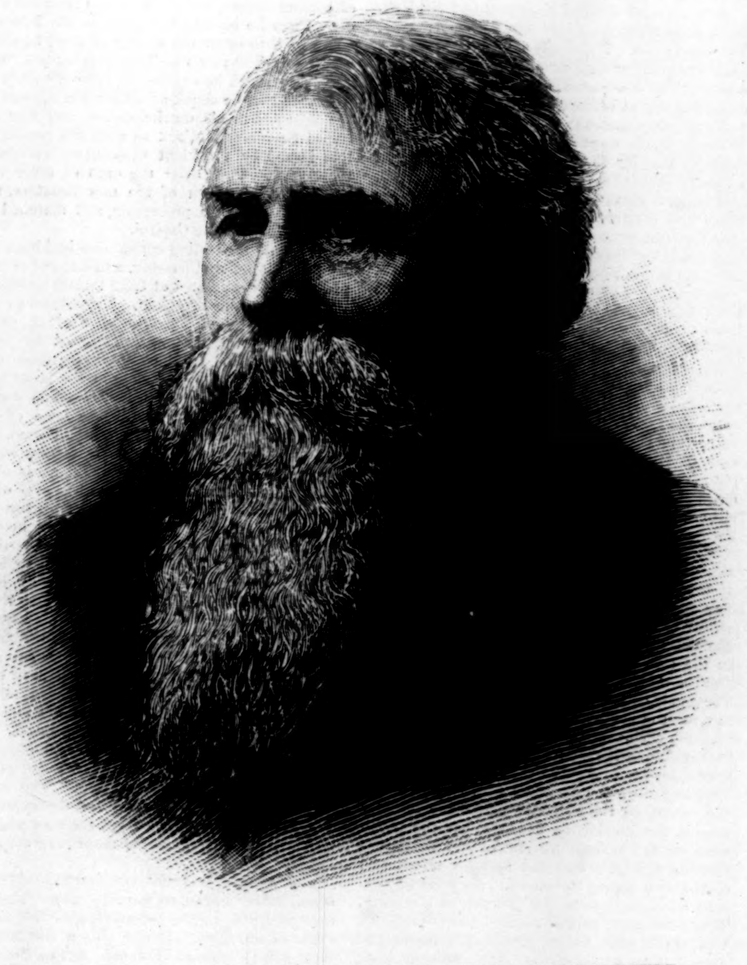
HON. JOHN W. NOBLE, OF MISSOURI, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.



HON. JOHN WANAMAKER, OF PENNSYLVANIA, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.



HON. W. H. H. MILLER, OF INDIANA, ATTORNEY-GENERAL.
From a Photograph by Clark, Indianapolis.



HON. JEREMIAH RUSK, OF WISCONSIN, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.
From a Photograph by Curtis, Madison.

THE MEMBERS OF PRESIDENT HARRISON'S CABINET.—[See Page 207.]

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S INAUGURATION.

President Harrison was inaugurated on as wet and miserable a day as Washington has seen for a long time. It had been raining steadily for three days, and with very little interruption for ten days. On the 4th of March the capital woke up in the confident hope that at last the sun would consent to shine. An officer of the Weather Bureau had promised that it would not rain after eight o'clock in the morning, and even if there had not been a favorable prediction it would have been rational to hope for better weather after so much marrow-searching dampness. It rained, however, and rained all day. It was a fine, elusive, penetrating rain. It worked its way under the most cunningly arranged protectives. Umbrellas furnished not the slightest obstacle to it. Their owners found their clothes and their faces steaming with moisture. They carried their umbrellas for their pains, and were no better off than those who trudged through the pelting storm without those luxuries. There was as great a difference between their inauguration days as there is between the politics of the new and the retiring Presidents. The 4th of March four years ago was one of the glorious days of a climate which establishes its reputation by its exceptions. The sun shone from morning until night. The air was as balmy as May, and the trees and lawns were merry with singing birds. Men and women who are this year suffering from colds caught on the wet inauguration day sat all through the review of four years ago in the open air and without overcoats or wraps.

The streets were crowded, however, notwithstanding the weather. The multitudes that attend these ceremonies increase with the years. There were more people in Washington this year than there have ever been before on a similar occasion, and there were more troops in the procession. The people poured into the capital from all parts of the country, and filled the vantage-points from which they might see the great pageant. To one looking down from a second-story window, Pennsylvania Avenue was lined with rows of shining wet umbrellas, while behind these was struggling humanity trying to make its way through the street. It was one of the best natured and best managed of crowds. The police arrangements were excellent, and the special constables performed their duties manfully. But what made this waiting crowd differ from all crowds that had waited before it, was the fact that it did not overflow the curb-stone and obstruct the roadway. It was difficult at first to understand the well-preserved alignment of the two first ranks of people on the opposite sides of the street. The secret consisted in the fact that a long line of disused field-telegraph cable stretched from one end of the avenue to the other, on each side, so that the sidewalks were fenced in.

From early in the morning until nearly noon the patient people waited, soaked with rain, pushed about and trodden upon by anxious neighbors. Occasionally a belated military or civic body would make its way to its place of formation, and with such incidents and with their own wit the people kept themselves amused until the regular show of the day began.

At ten o'clock General Harrison and Mr. Morton went to Willard's, where they expected to meet Mr. Cleveland. There was a mistake, however, both as to the custom of meeting at this place and as to the understanding; for while the President-elect was at Willard's at ten, Mr. Cleveland was expecting him at the White House at eleven. When it finally dawned upon the committee of Senators that Mr. Cleveland was not intending to go to Willard's, the carriages were ordered, and General Harrison, accompanied by Senators Hoar and Cockrell, and Mr. Morton with Senator Cullom, went to the White House, where they found the President and his cabinet waiting for them in the Blue Room.

At a little before eleven the party started from the White House, Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Harrison with Senators Hoar and Cockrell in a barouche drawn by four brown horses, and Mr. Morton and Senator Cullom in a barouche drawn by four gray horses. The escort down the avenue to the Capitol consisted of General Beaver and his aides, the regular troops, the District of Columbia militia, and the veterans of the Seventieth Indiana, General Harrison's old regiment. These were his personal escort. They all wore brown overcoats and Derby hats. Some of them had empty sleeves, and nearly all of them showed scars of the war.

As this preliminary procession moved down the avenue there were cheers from one end of the line to the other, but nothing could make the exhibition anything but sombre. The crowd was good-natured, but it was very wet—so damp, indeed, that the misery of clinging garments appealed sadly to the eye, while the soaked drum-heads gave forth a muffled sound and suggested a funeral. The gaudy cotton decorations of the houses were in a most lamentable condition. The colors had run into each other, and were as indefinite and bedraggled as if they had never represented patriotic designs or enjoyed the virtue of freshness. Part way down the avenue a man rushed out of the crowd on the sidewalk and made his way toward the President's carriage, but the police were on the lookout for cranks and dangerous persons, and this one was speedily seized and thrust back among the crowd. No other unpleasant incident marred the journey of the party. When the party at last reached the Capitol, Mr. Cleveland went to the President's Room and signed three appropriation bills awaiting him; Mr. Harrison and Mr. Morton went to the Vice-President's Room.

Meanwhile a brilliant company was gradually filling up the Senate-Chamber. Outside, the rain might pour and the gray clouds might shut out the sun, but they could not interfere with the warmth and glow within, nor dim the lustre of uniforms and gowns. There is no episode of an inauguration more effective in color or more interesting in a way than that which takes place in the Senate-Chamber when the Vice-President assumes his office. For a few moments there are gathered together in a small room all the best-known men of the Federal government. Its executive, legislative, and judicial departments are fully represented, while the President is supported by the leading officers of the army and navy. The official life of the capital is further illustrated by the diplomatic corps in full court dress. All these are on the platform at the east front of the building when the President is inaugurated, but their brilliancy and identity are swallowed up in the more impressive assemblage of the people. As the morning wore on, distinguished men who have the privilege of the Senate floor began to come in. There was the venerable Hannibal Hamlin, himself inaugurated Vice-President twenty-eight years before. Mr. Hamlin sat next to the chairs that were to be occupied by Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Harrison. Mr. Blaine was also an early comer. General Schofield, the head of the army, and General Sherman, were also present. As distinguished persons entered the Chamber there were occasional outbursts of applause, and the Senators were as eager watchers for their visitors as were the people in the crowded galleries. In the President's gallery there were three seats filled with the families and relatives of the incoming Chief Magistrate and of Mr. Morton. The seat reserved for Mr. Cleveland's family was not occupied. This was in keeping with the plan determined upon by the retiring President, which was evidently based upon the theory that the ceremonies of the 4th of March are inaugural and not valedictory, and that the official who is going out should have as little as possible to do with them. There was no intention on the part of Mr. Cleveland to neglect any of the essential courtesies that were due to his successor. As President he conducted him to the Capitol and received him at his official residence. Then Mr. Cleveland was a private citizen, and did not choose to sit on the reviewing stand or to attend the ball in a semi-official capacity. The validity of this position may be questioned, but there cannot be a discourtesy that is not intended.

On this occasion no one enters through the central door of the Senate-Chamber except those who come in bodies. The first to formally enter the Chamber is the diplomatic corps, headed by its dean. Mr. Preston, the Haytian Minister, is the dean, but in his absence Baron de Fava, the Italian Minister, led the corps. Mingled with the rich gold-laced European uniforms were the silks of the Chinese Legation and the odd costumes and odder hats of the Coreans. Following the foreigners came the Justices of the Supreme Court, with Chief-Justice Fuller at their head. After him walked the marshal and clerk of the court, the latter carrying the Bible on which General Harrison was to be sworn. At twelve o'clock the oath of office was administered to Mr. Morton by President *pro tem.* Ingalls. The retiring President of the Senate made his adieus to the body, thanked it for its resolution of commendation, and declared it adjourned *sine die.* Then he handed the gavel to Mr. Morton, who called to order the Senate of the Fifty-first Congress. The new Vice-President made a short speech, in which he declared it to be his purpose to do the best he could, asked for the support of the Senators in his untried duties, and then directed Secretary McCook to read the proclamation issued by President Cleveland convening the Senate. Then, after the oath of office was administered to each of the new Senators, the gathering formed a procession, and marched to the east front of the Capitol.

While the interesting ceremonies had been going on in the Senate-Chamber, a vast crowd of people, variously estimated at from 20,000 to 35,000 waited to see the President. They stood in the rain for hours—a good-natured, chaffing, pneumonia-defying gathering, unprotected by their own and trickled upon by their neighbors' umbrellas. They waited, looking at the great bare board platform, with its wet chairs and water-smeared decorations. Finally the head of the procession appeared, and the crowd roared. It had been announced that the ceremony would take place within-doors if the weather was unfavorable, and certainly, if weather was ever unfavorable, it was on the 4th of March. But Mr. Harrison had made up his mind to be inaugurated in the open air, and be inaugurated there he would. The chairs on the platform were too wet to sit upon, and so the party stood up, holding umbrellas over their heads. Sergeant-at-arms Canaday held an umbrella over Mr. Harrison and Chief-Justice Fuller as the latter administered the oath of office. The new President made a departure from custom that must have filled with sorrow the heart of the chief clerk of the Supreme Court, who has charge of the Bible on which so many Presidents have been sworn. Mr. Harrison brought his family Bible with him, that it might remain a cherished heirloom of the Harrisons of coming generations. The crowd that had waited so patiently for the ceremony now stood as patiently through the long address, which it was impossible for more than very few to hear.

The address was not yet finished when the signal officer began to wave his flag. The gun answered, the bugles sounded, and the troops came to attention. It was only a few minutes later when President Harrison and ex-President Cleveland made their way to the east door of the north wing of the Capitol, where the carriages were waiting. Then the great procession—the procession for which all day the wet crowds had waited with straining eyes—began to move. It wound down the hill, through the Capitol grounds, out on to Pennsylvania Avenue, whose asphalt walks glistened with the rain.

At the head rode General Beaver, and behind him came his fifty civilian aides. Cheers greeted the Governor of Pennsylvania, and his head was bared, in acknowledgment of his reception, from one end of the avenue to the other. Many of his staff were without overcoats. All of them wore high silk hats. It was a terrible risk of health. The men were soaked to the skin, and their garments clung to them with a persistence that must have been frightful. The immediate results of the day's exposure were seen when the ambulances went by: they were full of victims of the storm.

After the Grand Marshal and his staff came double files of the Seventieth Indiana Veterans, and then once more came the two barouches in the same order and with the same occupants. Now there were cheers for the new President and Vice-President, and Mr. Harrison and Mr. Morton went on up the street to the official residence bowing to the patient and good-natured people. There seemed now to be a certain laxity in keeping the crowd back on the sidewalk, but it was only in appearance. A number of men in civilian dress were seen walking carelessly in the middle of the street, and they were not interfered with by the police. They were Chief Brooks and his secret service men, who accompanied the carriages in relays over the route. Four mounted army officers also rode near the party. Fortunately there was no need of the services of these guardians. There was never in Washington a more quiet and orderly inaugural procession. When the President's party reached the corner of the avenue and Fifteenth Street, the line was halted, and the carriages were driven around the south end of the Treasury Building to the private entrance to the White House. Mrs. Harrison, Russell Harrison and his wife, and the McKees were already there, and as Mr. Cleveland entered the mansion in which he had lived for four years he was greeted as a guest by the new mistress. The procession waited until Mr. Harrison had lunched, and moved again when he appeared on the reviewing stand.

It would have been a very brilliant procession but for the rain. As it was, it was impressive. The two men who were most cheered were General Beaver and Governor Foraker, who was at the head of the Third Division, and who was in the middle of a most magnificent interval. He rode a beautiful and spirited horse, and he elicited a good deal of applause. As for the troops, it was the New York Seventh that had the fullest ranks, the best band, marched best, and received most cheers. The Pennsylvania troops are now familiar to Washington, for General Hartranft has brought the whole division down to three inaugurations. Between 8000 and 10,000 men, equipped for a march, with overcoats, blankets rolled on knapsacks, and haversacks and canteens slung, marched past the reviewing stand, on which stood the President, General Schofield, and a few hundred friends of the incoming administration. These militiamen go to Washington with three days' rations, and camp in the corridors of the public buildings. They wear the blue uniform of the regular army, with the addition of leather gaiters. They look like soldiers intended for hard work and fighting, and they not only impress the general public, but the military men who see them. They have the faults of the militia. They do not march with the free strong swing of the regulars, but have rather a mincing step, while in the crack regiments the space between the front and rear ranks is too little to permit of good marching. The New York Seventh is very much superior in this respect. The Pennsylvania troops, in three brigades, had very little music with them, and their appearance fell very far short of making a military pageant. In fact they became somewhat tiresome. Before the Pennsylvanians came the regular army soldiers. There were two excellent troops of cavalry, under Colonel Carpenter, from the post at Fort Myer. There were 110 men in the command, and every one was struck with their fine appearance. Small as the command was, it was the largest body of regular cavalry that has been seen in an inaugural procession, and very few of the great number of spectators who witnessed the parade knew that the United States army possessed such good men and such remarkably fine and well-groomed horses. There were four batteries of heavy artillery, marching as infantry, from Fort Monroe. There was a light battery from the arsenal at Washington, and there were detachments of marines, boys from the training school at Newport with machine-guns, and sailors with a howitzer battery.

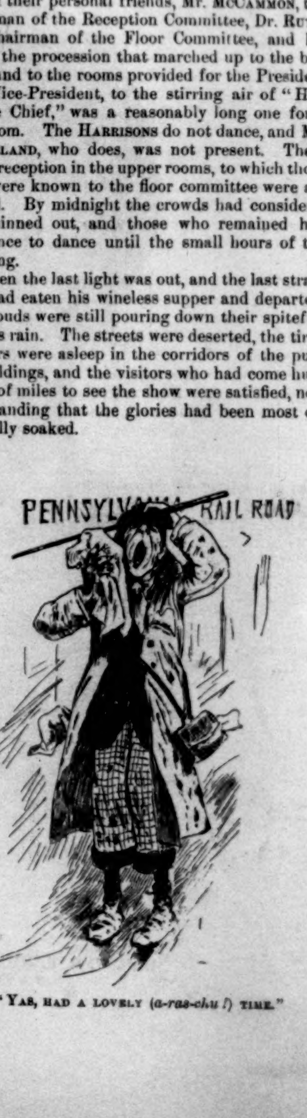
After the Pennsylvanians came a lot of odds and ends of troops, some of which furnished a great deal of amusement. There were colored troops from the South, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, gorgeous in plumes, white bear-skin hats, yellow-topped boots of the Continental period. There were important and swelling black officers with far-resounding voices. There were drum-majors that performed the most limb-twisting tricks with their batons, throwing them into the air and catching them, ramming them violently between their legs and then seizing them from behind; and yet the bands behind them played on, apparently undisturbed by their antics, and certainly not aided by any time beats. There was a fancy company of machine-drilled men, whose captain was so proud of them that he manœuvred them all the way down the avenue. It was great fun, if it was not soldierly, to see this company go wheeling up the street in consecutive semicircles, as if a straight line was beyond its comprehension. At the right of the third division were a lot of New Jersey troops, and then came General Fitzgerald and the Seventh. The leading Pennsylvania regiments, the First and Second, had marched with a division front of two companies, and the platoons had thus reached from curb to curb; but the Seventh could not do this. A single company front made a line almost as long as the two-company formation of the Pennsylvanians. The end of the procession did not pass the reviewing stand until it was growing dark, and the last divisions were decidedly uninteresting, consisting of civilian societies and political clubs from all parts of the country. It had been a hard day for Mr. Harrison as well as for those who had participated in the procession, and he was doubtless glad when he saw the wet backs of the last line of the thousands of men who had marched all day in his honor.

The next feature of the day's programme had to be abandoned temporarily on account of the storm. Fireworks will not go off and flambeaux will not flame in a driving rain. For some reason or other, however, a good many people seemed to think that the show would take place. The moisture had not damped their enthusiasm, and they gathered in great numbers to see the expected display, which was postponed.

The festivities of the day and the occasion were terminated by the great inaugural ball in the Pension Building. The decorators had been at work in the immense hall for several days. The room is about 300 feet long and 120 feet wide. Eight enormous pillars, rising from the floor to the sustaining arches of the roof, constitute the leading architectural feature of the hall. They are eighteen feet in circumference at the base and are seventy-five feet high. These great columns had been wound about with wreaths of laurel, and dadoes of old-gold and red plush added color to them. Three tiers of balconies rise one above the other, supported by hundreds of small columns. Some of these are gilded, and shine resplendently amid the half-concealing decorations. Rising high above the main part of the building is a barn-like construction, whose white walls are absolutely impossible of proper treatment; but the committee in charge of the affair had done its utmost, and bunting and laurel wreaths had been used as effectively as possible. The crowd that attended the ball was immense. There is no doubt that 10,000 and probably many more people participated in the promenade and dance. Dancing, however, is, curiously enough, a very small feature of these balls. In the first place, there is very little room for it, and in the second place, the primary object of those who attend is to see the new President and his family, and whatever other distinguished people may be present. Comparatively a small number of those who go are residents of Washington. There is no novelty in a new President for Washington, especially when, as in Mr. Harrison's case, he has been six years a Senator. Strangers go to the ball in great numbers. To a large number of them it is the only opportunity they have to catch a glimpse of what they think is Washington society.

President Harrison and his family arrived at the ball at ten o'clock. It is rather a large family. There were the President and his wife, Russell Harrison and his wife, the McKees, Mrs. Harrison's father and sister, ex-Senator and Mrs. Saunders, the parents of Mrs. Russell Harrison. When to these were added the Mortons and a few of their personal friends, Mr. McCammon, the chairman of the Reception Committee, Dr. Ruth, the chairman of the Floor Committee, and his aides, the procession that marched up to the balcony and to the rooms provided for the President and Vice-President, to the stirring air of "Hail to the Chief," was a reasonably long one for a ballroom. The Harrisons do not dance, and Mr. Cleveland, who does, was not present. There was a reception in the upper rooms, to which those who were known to the floor committee were admitted. By midnight the crowds had considerably thinned out, and those who remained had a chance to dance until the small hours of the morning.

When the last light was out, and the last straggler had eaten his wineless supper and departed, the clouds were still pouring down their spiteful, pitiless rain. The streets were deserted, the tired soldiers were asleep in the corridors of the public buildings, and the visitors who had come hundreds of miles to see the show were satisfied, notwithstanding that the glories had been most effectually soaked.



"Yas, had a lovely (*a-ras-chu!*) time."

IF HE BUT DURST.

She lives up back here jest a spell,
An' her old housen hes a well,
Where lots er times I've like to fell
In, makin' b'lieve, you see, to quell
A ragin' thirst.
She's ruther tall, an' kind o' fair,
Red-cheeked an' pinted faced; her hair
A brown an' curly, an' a pair
O' poutin' lips—th' kind thet dare.
I never durst.
In them past days, thet summer-time,
I used ter think her pure ez lime-
Stun, white an' sparklin' ez th' rime
On winter mornin's, 'bout this time.
I'm not th' first
Thet tho't them eyes wuz like th' dew
A tremblin' with th' wind thet blew
Out frum th' southerd, fresh an' new,
Spring mornin's when th' sun is due;
But thet's th' worst,
For ef a man finds thet his life
Is gettin' spiled, an' fret an' strife
An' lonesomeness cuts like a knife,
Why don't he make th' girl his wife?
An' not be curst
With dreamin' daytime, well es night,
An' hangin' round to git a sight
O' sech a one, when—well, he might
Be dancin' round like me to-night,
Ef he but durst.

Edward Leadore Smith.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S CABINET.

It is a curious and interesting illustration of the persistence of forces that two members of Mr. Harrison's cabinet were among Mr. Garfield's advisers, and were appointed both times in obedience to the same demand and for the same reason. James G. Blaine was and is Secretary of State because he was and has remained the vigorous aggressive leader of by far the largest faction in his party. Mr. William Windom was and is Secretary of the Treasury because Mr. Allison would not be, because he is Western, and—Mr. John Sherman excepted—the only prominent Western Republican who has had practical experience and knowledge of the fiscal operations of the government.

The country is so familiar with the career of the new Secretary of State that it is only necessary to allude to it briefly. Mr. Blaine is now for the second time head of the Foreign Affairs of the country. His first term was broken by the death of Garfield and the succession of Mr. Arthur. The sudden and unlooked-for termination of his career astonished and disappointed Mr. Blaine, who had set out with the determination to construct an American policy, especially as to our relations with the South American republics and Brazil. The continent was to be dominated by the United States; British supremacy was to be destroyed. Peru was therefore held up and encouraged in its war against Chili; a commercial union was to be established, and the government was to assist in the organization and maintenance of steam-ship lines between the northern and southern portions of the hemisphere. All the brilliant projects that had been conceived by Mr. Blaine, however, came to an untimely end. He believed that Mr. Arthur would retain him in his cabinet, but before he reached Washington to assume the functions of the Presidency, Mr. Arthur had invited Mr. Frelinghuysen to be the Secretary of State. Mr. Blaine retired into semi-private life, but he maintained a circle of his own during the whole of the Arthur administration. His social familiars were hostile to the White House set, and Mr. Blaine's house was one of the most brilliant, and certainly the most aggressive, at the capital.

Mr. Blaine is not an old man, not nearly so old as he appears, for he will be fifty-nine during the present year. His very white complexion and hair make him look much older; but he is as active and as ambitious as he was eight years ago, when Garfield was inaugurated. He will live in a large old-fashioned brick house on Lafayette Square; it was recently the head-quarters of the Commissary-General of the Army. Before that it was the residence of Secretary Seward, and it was there that he was nearly killed by Payne on the night when Booth murdered Lincoln. Still before that time it had been occupied by the Washington Club, and it was from its steps that Key waved his signal to Mrs. Sickles across the Square, and it was a few paces from the door, under a poplar-tree, that Sickles shot his wife's lover. The house is large enough for Mr. Blaine's social purposes, for his receptions are not crushes nor extravagant balls. They are the entertainments in which Washington once delighted, and which are still dear to the hearts of the older people of the town. Mr. Blaine's household will consist of himself, Mrs. Blaine, Miss Margaret, and Miss Abigail Dodge. Probably Walker Blaine will remain in Washington.

Secretary of the Treasury Windom has also a second opportunity to complete a term as a cabinet officer. He came into Harrison's, as he entered Garfield's cabinet, largely because he had made reputation as a member of the Senate Appropriations Committee. He had some political standing, however, in 1881, for he was a Senator from Minnesota, and had been the State's candidate for the Presidential nomination. He lost his party standing with his Senatorship, and he has lived in New York for several years, where he has engaged in business ventures. It seems to have been considered essential both by Garfield and Harrison to secure for the head of the Treasury the safest possible Western man. Both turned to Mr. Allison, who declined to quit the Senate, and failing him, both took Mr. Windom. When the latter entered upon his duties under Mr. Garfield the fiscal problem that was confronting the Department grew out of the bonded debt of the country, the national bonds having become too valuable to be held by the banks as security for circulation. An effort had been made by Congress to refund some of the expiring bonds at a lower rate of interest, but Mr. Hayes had vetoed the bill, and the legislative branch of the government adjourned without providing a remedy for the evil. Mr. Windom, however, adopted the proposed plan, and refunded the bonds in the three and three-and-a-half per cents. by an executive act the constitutionality of which has always been questioned. The new bonds for a time were known as "Windoms," but it is characteristic of the man that the designation wore off, and the transaction was forgotten. Mr. Windom made very little impression when the Garfield cabinet was divided into warring camps. At times he seemed inclined to take sides with Attorney-General MacVeagh, but generally he was counted as a follower and supporter of Mr. Blaine. He is sixty-two years old, a native of Ohio, a round, lymphatic, olive-complexioned, black-eyed man, with a pleasant manner and voice. He has been supposed to be wealthy, and in his former term of office built a large house, which was once occupied by Mr. Blaine, and which was successfully used against him by his opponents when he attempted to secure a re-election to the Senate from Minnesota.

Secretary of War Ex-Governor Redfield Proctor was chairman of the Vermont delegation in the last Republican National Convention, and cast its vote from the first ballot to the last for General Harrison as the candidate for President. In politics he has always been in sympathy with Senator Edmunds, and more than any one else in the cabinet may be rated as an anti-Blaine man. He is not, however, addicted to factional contests, and is always a thorough-going Republican. He was born at Proctorville, Vermont, a village in Cavendish township which takes its name from his father, who combined the occupations of farmer, manufacturer, and trader. He was well educated, and took his degree at Dartmouth College in 1851. He afterward took a full course of study at the Albany Law School, and when the war broke out was in practice with his cousin, Judge Isaac F. Redfield, in Boston. He enlisted in 1861 in the Third Vermont Regiment, and served for a time on the staff of General W. F. Smith. He became Major of the Fifth and afterward Colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment of Vermont, but after the battle of Gettysburg he returned home in broken health. For a time he lived on his farm, and while planning to return to the practice of his profession was appointed receiver of the Sutherland Falls Marble Company, which had become involved in litigation and was threatened with bankruptcy. He reorganized the business, reconciled the hostile interests, introduced improvements, and established one of the largest and most successful marble concerns in the country. After consolidation with its chief rival it became known as the Vermont Marble Company, and in 1883 a combination was formed with other companies which is said to have controlled the marble business of the whole country. The Producers' Marble Company handled the product of the corporations forming the combination, maintaining uniform prices. The home office is at Rutland, and there are branches in different parts of the country. Mr. Proctor has acquired a large fortune. He has not allowed politics heretofore to interfere seriously with his business, but has taken a somewhat prominent part in management in his own State. He served in the State Senate and in the office of Lieutenant-Governor, and was elected to the Governorship in 1880. His administration was popular, but he retired after one term. His business career has indicated large ability for administrative work. He is over six feet tall, and has a commanding presence, a sharp, shrewd face, and a voice noted for its power in political conventions.

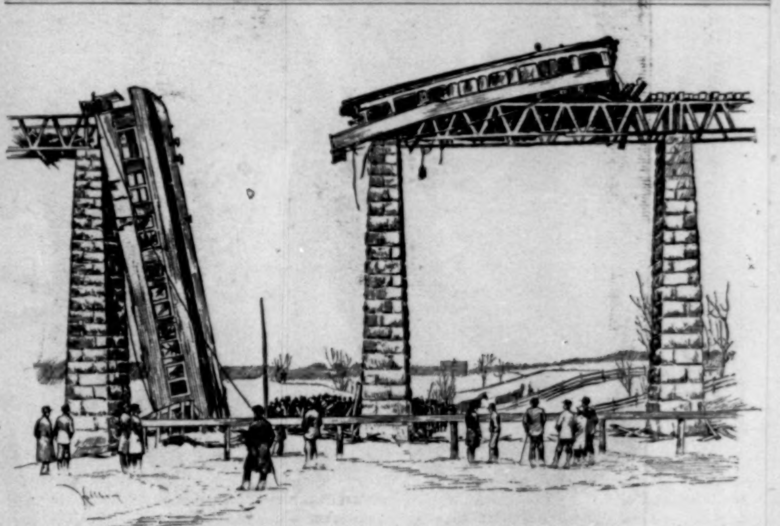
Secretary of the Navy General Benjamin F. Tracy, of Brooklyn, was selected for the head of the Navy Department after General Harrison arrived in Washington for the inauguration. All the other cabinet places except that of Secretary of Agriculture had by that time been definitely assigned. There had been delay in making final selections on account of the desire of the President-elect to appoint one of his advisers from the State of New York, and the difficulty of reconciling the claims of what threatened to become two factions in the Republican party. General Tracy was regarded as a strong man, whose appointment would tend to harmony rather than dissension, and though his training and experience would have qualified him rather for the office of Attorney-General, he was assigned to the Navy Department as the only important place left open. General Tracy was born at Oswego, Tioga County, on the 26th of April, 1830, and passed his early life on a farm. His scholastic education never went beyond the grade afforded by the Oswego Academy, where he was a fellow-student of ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt. He studied law in the office of Nathaniel M. Davis, and was admitted to the bar in 1851. He took an active part in local politics at once, and in 1853 was chosen District Attorney of Tioga County as a candidate of the Whig party. He was re-elected two years later, his opponent being Gilbert C. Walker, afterward Governor of Virginia, and still later General Tracy's law partner. In 1856 he was a delegate to the State Convention at which the Republican party was finally organized for the campaign of that year. He served in the Assembly in 1861, having been elected by a combination of Republicans and war Democrats. In the following year he received a military appointment from Governor Morgan, with head-quarters at Binghamton, where he organized three regiments. He took command of one of these, the 109th New York, and went into active service, taking part in the battles of the Wilderness. He was made Brigadier-General by brevet, and placed in command of a prison camp and draft rendezvous at Elmira, where he remained until the close of the war. In 1865 he established the law firm of Tracy & Benedict in the city of New York, and a year later received from President Johnson the appointment of United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of New York, with his office and residence in Brooklyn. He acquired some reputation for the vigorous prosecution of what was known as the "Whiskey Ring." He declined a reappointment at the hands of President Grant, and in 1873 returned to private practice, in partnership with General Isaac S. Catlin. He was one of the leading counsel for the defence in the famous Beecher trial, and acquired considerable prominence in his profession, especially in criminal practice. When Judge Folger, of the Court of Appeals, was appointed Secretary of the Treasury in 1881, General Tracy was appointed by Governor Cornell to the vacancy on the bench, but served only until it was filled by election the following year. He was subsequently defeated as a candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court. He was one time chairman of the Republican Committee of Kings County, and received the regular Republican nomination for Mayor of Brooklyn in 1881, but withdrew in favor of Seth Low, the Independent Citizens' candidate. At the last election he was an unsuccessful candidate for District Attorney of Kings County. General Tracy has not been regarded as a political leader or a professional politician, but he has always been a positive party man, in full sympathy with the organized action of the Republicans in State and nation. His position and characteristics have led him to avoid identifying himself with either side of contests within his party, and made him specially available as a compromise candidate. He has been generally regarded as a man of exceptional vigor, but has had little opportunity to display a capacity for organization and administration.

The Secretary of the Interior, Mr. John Willoch Noble, is not known generally outside of St. Louis. He is fifty-eight years old. He was born in Ohio, and was a college mate of Mr. Harrison at Miami University. Mr. Noble is a graduate of Yale, and is reputed to be a clever and successful lawyer. He served in the war, having enlisted as a private in the Third Iowa Cavalry, and before he was mustered out he was commissioned a Brigadier-General. The only public office he has held was that of United States District Attorney of St. Louis, to which President Johnson appointed him, at the suggestion of Attorney-General Stanberry, with whom Mr. Noble studied law.

A sketch of the New Postmaster-General, Mr. John Wanamaker, has so recently appeared in these columns that it is unnecessary to repeat it. Mr. Wanamaker makes his first appearance in public life. There is no doubt that he has the ability to manage the business of his department to a degree that is possessed by very few men. He is expected to have one of the large and open houses of the cabinet and to be one of the entertainers of the administration. Indeed it is probable that the social burdens of the coming four years will be borne by the Vice-President, Mr. Blaine, and Mr. Wanamaker.

William Henry Harrison Miller, the Attorney-General, was born on a farm at Augusta, Oneida County, New York, in 1840. He lived the life of a working farmer's boy until he entered Hamilton College, whence he was graduated in 1861. He started West and in life for himself at the same time, and that was immediately on leaving college. He settled in Maumee City, Ohio, where he taught school for six months, and until he entered the army in the Eighty-fourth Ohio Infantry, for a service of four months. On his return he went into the law office of the late Chief-Justice Waite, then in Toledo. Mr. Miller had been reading law during the latter part of his college term and since. He left the office of Mr. Waite in 1863, and in December of that year married Miss Gertrude A. Bunce, of Vernon, New York. They went to Peru, Indiana, where for two years Mr. Miller was at the head of the public schools. Keeping the law steadily in view as the business of his life, he began its practice in 1865. The following year he moved to Fort Wayne, Indiana, where he continued in the practice, and became one of the foremost and best known members of the bar in the State. In 1874 he was invited to a place in General Harrison's law firm at Indianapolis, the firm name becoming Harrison, Hines, & Miller. At Indianapolis, and thus engaged, he has since lived. Mr. Miller has three children, who, with his wife, are all living. Mr. Miller is of medium height, sturdy in build, rather aggressive in appearance, and he is very temperate. He is an advocate, and masters every cause that he espouses. His devotion to General Harrison is something passing the friendship of men. In religion he is a Presbyterian, a member of the same church at Indianapolis that General Harrison is. His residence was on the same street, almost directly opposite General Harrison's, and the intercourse of the two for years has been of the most intimate character.

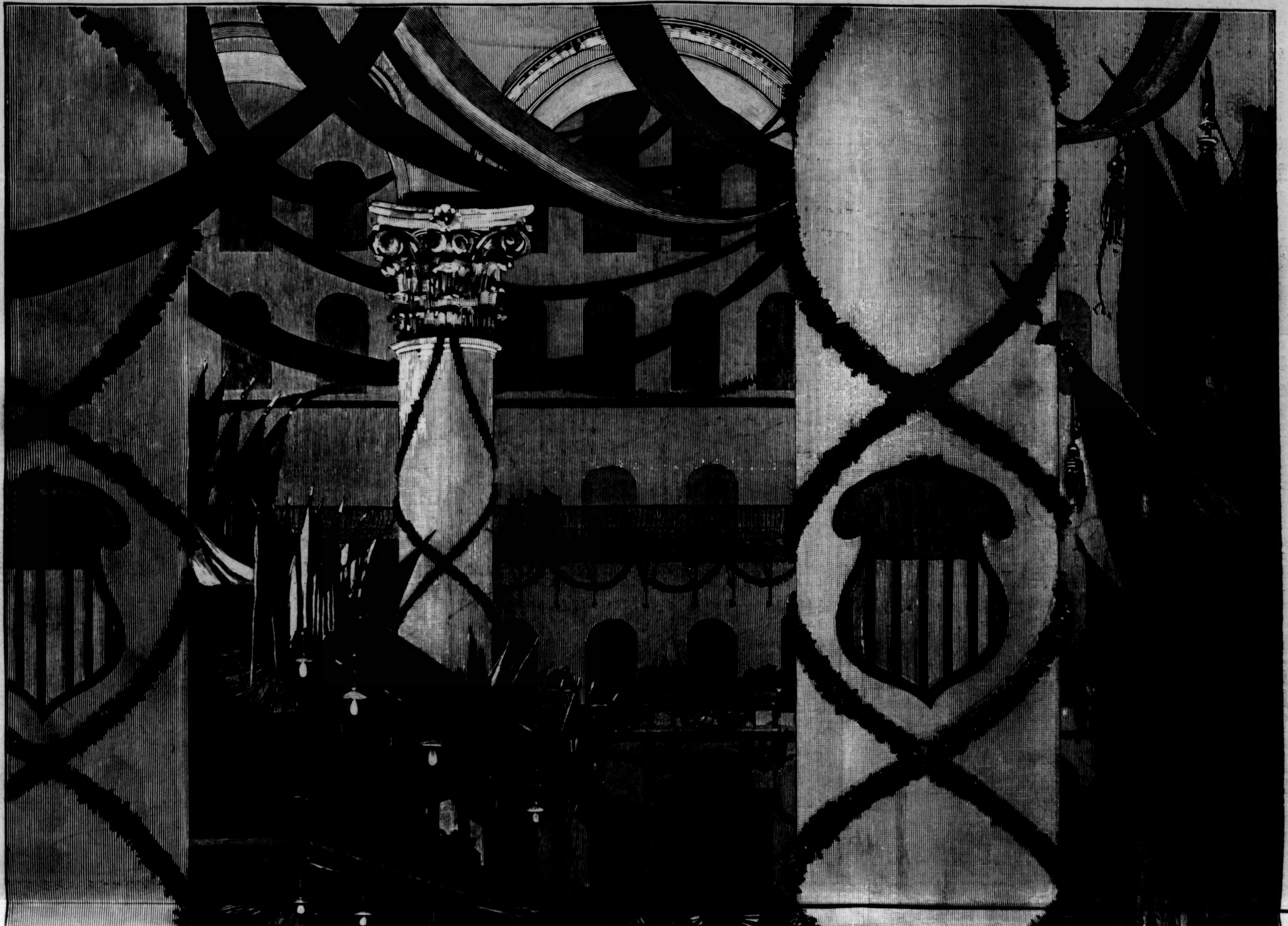
Mr. Jeremiah Rusk, the Secretary of Agriculture, is a large, bluff, hearty man of fifty-nine years. He served in the popular branch of Congress for several terms. Before that he served through the war, and rose to the brevet rank of Brigadier-General. He is a man of a robust mind, and bears a reputation for sterling honesty. Although he was superior to the average member of Congress, his reputation has been gained as Governor of Wisconsin, and especially from the courage and independence with which he dealt with the anarchists of Milwaukee.

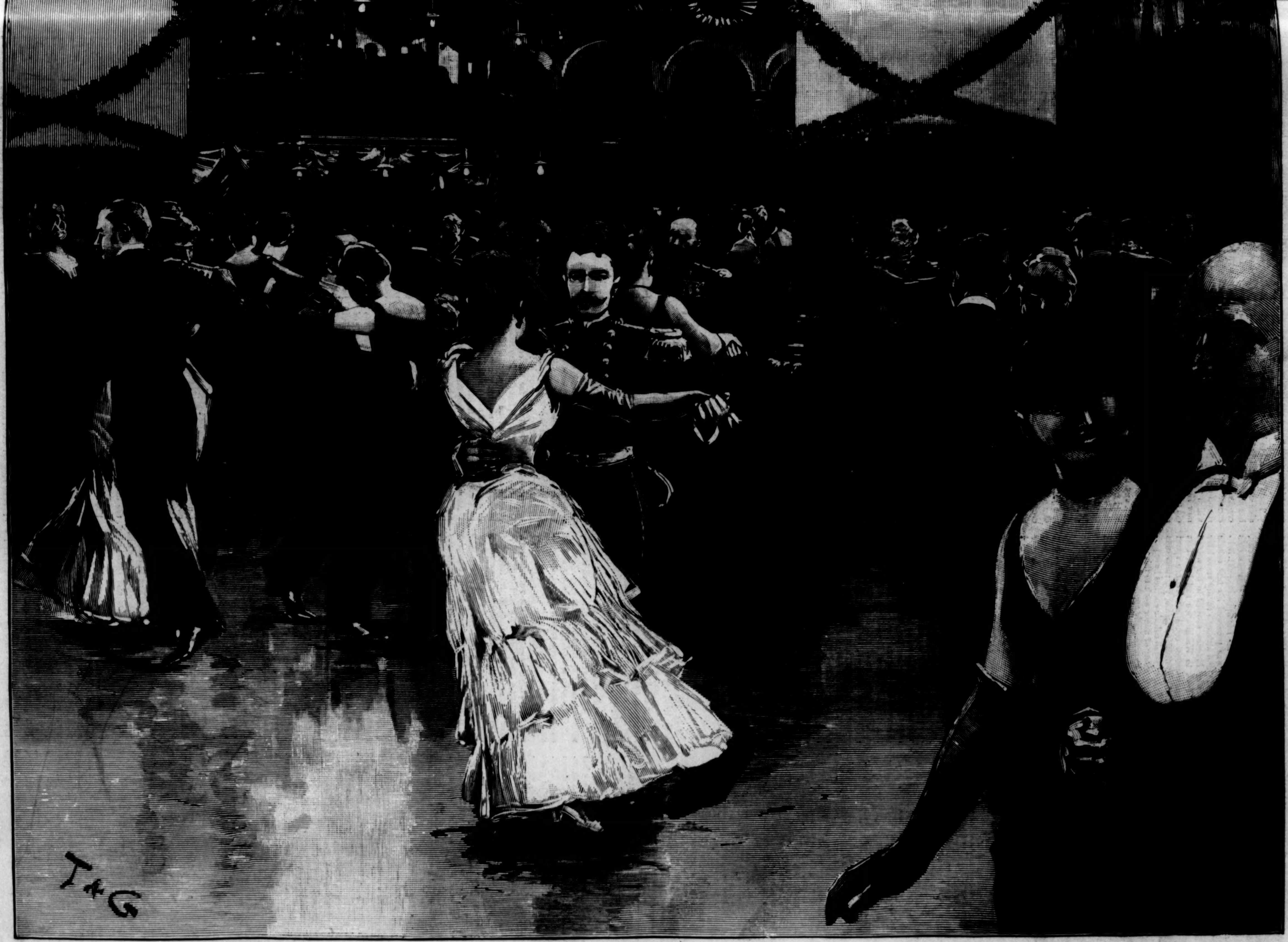


WRECK OF THE RAILROAD CARS AND VIADUCT AT ST. GEORGE, ONTARIO.—From a Photo.

A CANADIAN RAILROAD DISASTER.

The little Canadian town of St. George has only a few hundred inhabitants, and is hidden away about twenty miles from the west end of Lake Ontario. Out of this rural wilderness came the telegrams describing the sudden death on Wednesday, February 27th, of ten people and the serious injuries of about thirty. Near St. George the Great Western branch of the Grand Trunk Railway crosses Grand River by a bridge. It is, or was, a first-class iron structure on stone piers, and crosses the water at a height of sixty feet. Only a few days before, it had been carefully inspected and pronounced all right. Doubtless it had many times carried heavier trains at greater speed, and was then fit for any fair burden. But modern engineers do not calculate their structures to stand battering by huge projectiles, as railway trains may fairly be called, dashing at full speed out of their accustomed course. That was what caused the St. George disaster. A broken wheel derailed the engine and spread the tracks. The earlier cars passed in safety, but they stripped off the ties as they bumped and dragged along, and this exposed the jackstraw-like structure of the iron trusses. The centre span yielded, and part of the train with its passengers dashed down threescore feet. One car turned a complete somerset, and landed right side up; another was stood on end, with everything movable jammed pell-mell into the lower end—a shocking mixture of dead and wounded men and women, with a cooking stove among them; another car instantly became simply a shapeless mass of iron and timber. The wooden car began to burn, but the fire was put out by handfuls of snow and beating with coats. One car was iron, and could not burn, but it resisted attempts to rescue its inmates as though it were a fortress or man-of-war. One man was taken out shrieking like a woman, but almost uninjured. Just beside him was a woman who showed more than common manly nerve. The shock and her injuries made her faint, but in the intervals of helping herself and others worse off than she, she brought her senses back by rubbing her face with snow, and she tore off her linen clothing for bandages for the dying, among them her seat mate in the car. Two things relieve the gloom of this picture. Dinner had not been announced long enough for the passengers to gather in the dining car, which held only seven persons, thus much lessening the list of casualties. And it was a genuine accident. If not absolutely inevitable, at least it was within the ordinary risk of railway travel, and no one can apparently be justly blamed.





THE INAUGURATION BALL, IN THE PENSION BUILDING, WASHINGTON.—Drawn by Thulstrup and Graham.—[See Page 206.]

THE TITMICE OF NEWBERN.

AN EPISODE OF THE REBELLION.

In sight of the spires of Newbern town,
Where the guns of Fort Thompson were frowning down,
The men in gray,
The legends say,
Threw crumbs to titmice that came that way
One bright spring morn—new-mated bliss
In the haunts of death. Strange irony this:
Seeking a place for a young love's nest,
They chose a cannon as suited best;
Then with a flip,
Flip, flippety hip,
Hoppety, hippety, trippety, trip,
In the mouth of the implement made to kill
They built their brooding nest with skill,
Before the battle of Newbern.

But so it happed ere the work was done,
And the bird home made in the mouth of the gun,
The men in blue
Came marching through,
And balls and shells hissed, whistled, and flew;
And the men in gray fired the chicadee's gun,
Which scattered the birds' nest just begun,
'Mid the fire and smoke, when a solid shot
Dismounted the cannon. The birds, harmed not,
With flutter and skip,
And a trip, trip, trip,
A hippety, hoppety, flippety, flip,
Had flown with the screech of the first wild shell
Far into the woods where 'twas safe to dwell
During the battle of Newbern.

And on that day, so the soldiers say,
After the blue had succeeded the gray,
The birds once more
Came as before
Back to the haunts of those men of war;
After the smoke and the carnage and death,
Almost in the cannon's fiery breath,
They gathered once more moss, feathers, and hair,
And went to work their nest to repair,
With their hoppety hip,
And their busiest skip;
In the now dismounted cannon they'd trip,
Beneath the mild spring sun in the South,
Rebuilded their nest in the cannon's mouth,
After the battle of Newbern.

These small chicadees they cared not a mite
Which soldiers were wrong and which were right,
The blue or gray,
Who came that day
To wrangle and slay in their own rude way;
They only sought for the ways of peace,
And waited aside for the noise to cease;
Then built in the gun they had used before,
And showed contempt for the ways of war,
With their hippety hip,
Flip, flip, flip, flip,
With their teetering tip and hoppety skip;
And this is the legend the soldiers tell
About the titmice, and what befell
After the battle of Newbern.

Was this a presage of what would be,
This home rebuilding by bright chicadee?
For they display
The blue and gray
In the feathery suits they wear every day.
Was this an auspice of what would come
After the hush of the rifle and drum,
When war and its horrors had passed away,
Commingled as one the blue and the gray,
With a hip, hip, hip,
And a brotherly grip,
Joined in to rebuild what the war let slip?
Was this a lesson of life to be
Taught to men by the small chicadee,
After the battle of Newbern?

Harry J. Shellman.

JOHN ERICSSON.

One of the great engineers of our century has passed away in the death of Captain John Ericsson, which occurred on the morning of March 8th, at his house, 36 Beach Street, New York. Rarely is scientific and inventive ability so great as his combined with industrious habits so extraordinary. The last words attributed to him, "Give me rest," following upon the preceding inquiry, "Have I got to die?" read like epitaphs upon a career of earnest work extending through three-quarters of a century; for even at the age of ten the Swedish lad, who would have completed his eighty-sixth year on July 31st next, had built himself a miniature saw-mill and a pumping-machine, while only two years later he was a cadet of mechanical engineers, and at the age of thirteen was a leveller employed on Sweden's great ship-canal. Until sickness brought him low, about a month before his death, his whole life was regulated by his work. Day after day his routine was pursued by the clock; his frugal meals were chosen with a view to health rather than the gratification of taste, and he used no distilled or brewed liquors or tobacco; his daily exercise was abundant, but he had little leisure for social intercourse. He took pleasure in demonstrating how much working power could be got out of the human machine. The creeping on of old age, without the impairment of his intellectual faculties and with astonishingly few indications of physical weakness, thus became almost a source of pride, and each year added to his fourscore was a triumph. We can imagine the double pang that came momentarily upon him when told of his approaching end: the thought that this cherished tally of achievement could not be further lengthened, and that some of his later projects, like the sun motor and coast defence appliances, had not been rounded out to a conclusion.

In Vol. XXXI., No. 1567, of the Weekly, we gave a sketch of this venerable and illustrious engineer, based upon the highest authority, and carefully revised so as to become the standard brief record of his life. We need not repeat this record here, especially as its substance appears in the numerous current newspaper notices of his death through the country. Enough to say that it was his construction of a flame-engine of ten horse-power, when at the age of twenty-two, that took him away from the Swedish army, in which he had been serving, and from which his military title comes, so that he might introduce it in London. Of the twoscore inventions of various sorts made by him in England, including file-cutting, salt-making, weighing and pumping machines, one of the most famous was his artificial draught for steam-boilers. The steam-condensing apparatus of the *Victory*, the centrifugal fan-blowers of the *Corsair*, the link motion for reversing introduced into two locomotives, the superheating of steam as early as 1834, the construction of a steam fire-engine as long ago as 1829, followed the next year by others for use in Liverpool and Berlin, and his famous fast locomotive Novelty, which contended for a prize against Stephenson's Rocket, were among his triumphs in Great Britain. There also was produced his first caloric engine in 1833; and although twenty years later the large vessel *Ericsson* showed in her voyage from New York to Washington and back that the new hot-air motor could not produce speed enough at sea to displace steam, yet thousands upon thousands of small caloric engines have performed a great variety of minor work to this day. In England, also, he practically applied the screw propeller to navigation.

Here in America, where his career began exactly fifty years ago, Ericsson achieved his most illustrious successes and reaped his largest fame. Disgusted at the stupidity of the British Admiralty, which carped at his great invention of the application of the screw-propeller to war ships, he found in the United States a warm welcome, and the building of the *Princeton* for our government followed. She was the first war vessel that ever used the screw-propeller instead of paddles, and carried her machinery below the water-line, out of the reach of hostile shot. She contained other inventions of Ericsson, both in her machinery and her armament, and this system of propulsion for war ships is now universal. As for the iron-clad turret vessel *Monitor*, which destroyed the *Merrimac* during the civil war, and saved not only the Union fleet in Hampton Roads from destruction, but perhaps the national capital or the port of New York from disaster, its fame is world-wide. Of its successors the *Weehawken* captured the Confederate *Atlanta*, the *Montauk* destroyed the *Nashville*, and others bombarded forts and maintained blockades.

Since the close of the civil war Ericsson's scientific studies have been directed to the temperature and general nature of the moon's surface, the computation of influences tending to retard the earth's rotary motion, and the quantity of the radiant heat of the sun. His practical construction has concerned itself largely with a sun motor, designed to use solar heat for the development of mechanical energy, and with the harbor defence ship *Destroyer*, designed to fire a submarine gun loaded with an enormous charge of gun-cotton for the destruction of iron-clads.

WHY THEY SHUT DOWN AT THE HIGUERITA.

BY JOHN HEARD, JUN.

I.

One hot day about the beginning of June, Jack Holt, superintendent of the Higuerita and Rochin mines, was bending over his drawing-board in the little iron-roofed stone building that stands on the divide between the Ranchito and the Rochin cañons, when the girl Masima lounged in noiselessly and asked, in her usual plaintive voice,

"Don Juan, do you wish to eat?"

"Is it twelve yet, Masimita?" he asked in turn, without looking up from his work.

"*Quien sabe, señor?* The whistle has not yet sounded, and the clock says it is past twelve—see!"

"Wait a minute, little one," he said, "and I will tell you." Holt finished his work quickly, and lighting a fresh cigar he leaned back in his chair to enjoy the peculiarly delightful feeling of satisfaction which invariably follows the completion of any task. Masima had seated herself on a trunk at the foot of the *tarima*, and was looking up at the clock with that expression of patient resignation and suffering common to all the women in Sonora, but in her face this characteristic sadness was intensified to such a degree as to strike even the most unobserving. Poor lonely little thing! Life so far had meant to her but suffering and sorrow, and just as she imagined the plain beyond the sierra to be the continuation of the one that lay before her, she thought of the future only as the morrow of the day—another day similar to this in every way. The misery of her past, if such a young thing can be said to have a past, was too recent for her to have forgotten it, or to believe that the relatively comfortable life she was now leading was more than a temporary respite. The dreamy future was still before her—a future of semi-starvation, hard work, and obedience to some cruel brutal master, who would kiss or beat her as his passions moved him.

Although the legality of his title to them might have been questioned in more civilized communities, Masima and her grandmother Trinidad were in some sort the personal property of Mr. John Burgess Holt, of Salem, Massachusetts, to whom they had been bequeathed a few months before. While he was surveying one day on the Ranchito flat his *mozo* told him that a woman lay very ill in one of the neighboring adobe huts, and that he ought to go in and see if nothing could be done for this unfortunate. The doctors had declared themselves incompetent to cure or even relieve her, but Don Juan was a man who knew much about instruments and chemicals. Perhaps—who knows?—he might have something in the laboratory. If he could do nothing, why, of course, no one else could; but she would be sure then that she really was dying, and as Christians did not die more than once—that was the truth!—it was best that they should have time to prepare themselves.

The miners and their women often came to Holt for relief, which was usually afforded by a pill or a plaster, and he felt that it was now expected of him not only to visit the sick in his immediate neighborhood, but also to cure them, if God were willing that they should be cured. So he left his instruments with Feliz and walked over to the house which the boy had pointed out to him.

There seemed to be three women in the miserable dark and bare adobe room, from which all but a few empty boxes, used as chairs, and some cracked earthenware, had been removed. In the corner by the door stood the usual forked tree stump that supports the water *olla*, fragments of which were lying on the ground, and one of these now served to catch the drippings from the leaky old powder keg which had replaced it. The stone *metate*, with its smooth brick for grinding the tortilla paste, lay outside in the little bamboo enclosure, covered with loose brush, which was the kitchen; it had evidently not been used that day, and the low mud oven to which he put his hand was perfectly cold. Holt entered on tiptoe, and sat down on a candle box beside the *tapeste* stretched across two logs, and on which the sick woman lay, curled up with pain and groaning; the other two crouched on the ground in the further corner, crying softly, as do those who have lost all hope. He soon recognized that there was nothing to be done beyond making the poor creature's last days as comfortable as possible; so he had the family moved up to the mine to a cabin near his own, where he could see himself that they were taken care of.

A few days after their removal the watchman woke him late in the night and said that Concepcion wished to see him at once.

"I am dying, Don Juan," she said to him as he sat down beside her. "I shall be dead before light."

Holt felt that she was right; he wished to reassure her, but the words failed him. There was a peculiar far-seeing expression in her eyes which moved him strangely, and he was ill at ease under their watchful scrutiny. He felt the invisible presence of death near him, and without answering he looked down thoughtfully at the parched transparent little hand, no larger than a child's, that lay passively on the blanket beside his own. When he raised his eyes Concepcion was crying bitterly. "Oh, Don Juanito," she sobbed, "you do not say no! I am dying, and you let me die! Say no, Don Juan—say no, not yet." But presently she grew more calm as he stroked her forehead. "No; you are right," she continued, sadly. "What could you do, then, against the will of God? Words—words! not more. I must die—yes, surely yes, it is coming soon." Then she sank back and lay motionless, with her eyes closed, for nearly half an hour, until, thinking she had fallen asleep, Holt rose to go to his room; but she called him back before he had reached the door.

"I must speak to you, Don Juan," she said. "It is the last opportunity. Give me a little wine and sit down; not there; here, where I can see you. I did not tell you before, because, perhaps, if you had known, you would not have been so kind to the little one." And in the dim light that illumined the bare little room on the last hour before her death she told him the sad story of her life; her sins and their expiation; and how, when he had found them a few days before, they were starving by order of the village president, to whom she had refused to yield her daughter. The neighbors knew it, and took advantage of their weakness to steal what little they owned before; that day their last hen had disappeared. Her child's father she had never seen, never even known by name; through life she had struggled bravely, but unsuccessfully, for the crime that had made her a mother had at the same time destroyed her health. None had ever befriended her before, and having nothing else to give, she bequeathed her daughter and mother to the only man who had been kind to her.

At sunset the next day four miners carried the little pine coffin, covered with black indienne and bound with white tape, down the winding path that led to the village graveyard, and Holt accepted the legacy, glad in the isolation of this desert to feel once more the responsibilities and obligations of a family, without which man goes down the stream of life adrift like a loose log. When his work was over for the day he turned to this wrinkled little old woman of forty-two and to this child of twelve for a semblance of home affection. They were mere pretexts, of course, but their reality as human beings furnished sufficient ground for his imagination to work on, and before long he became sincerely attached to his little girl, whom he taught to read and tell the time by the clock. It would have been difficult for him to say in what light he looked on Masima: she was too young to be a friend, too old to be a child, and the existence of his own family in the East sternly precluded the consideration of any other near relationship. For some unexplained reason the idea of being a school-master or tutor to this pupil was extremely repugnant to him; so he concluded to class her in a general way among the Mignons and himself among the Wilhelm Meisters of a more modern and realistic epoch; he felt, moreover, quite satisfied with the unromantic practical nature of their surroundings, which rendered superfluous the dissertatious philosophizing of their prototypes.

As he leaned back in his chair and looked at the little thing on the trunk, it occurred to him for the first time that the rapid development of life in these tropical countries would render a *status quo* in their relations of comparatively short duration. Masima was as yet a child, but in less than a year she would become a woman, and numerous complications hovered over the horizon. Holt had a momentary but deep glimpse into the perplexities that beset the father of a marriageable daughter, and the suggestion of possible interviews on the subject was in itself so ludicrous that he laughed aloud at the idea.

Masima turned and looked at him with a puzzled, half-reproachful expression, wondering why Don Juan was laughing at her, which seemed to be the natural inference; then, with the unreasoning sympathy which characterizes childhood, she laughed too, without knowing why.

Her laugh was singularly frank and low, dying away softly into a faint ha ha that seemed to be its own echo, and to linger long after her red lips had closed over the small sharp teeth, white as those of a wolf, but lacking the pearly reflections which would have made them beautiful. She was not pretty, certainly, although a little retouching of nature's scraper might have made her so, and the first glance at the sad little creature was disappointing; yet one was unwilling to accept this disappointment as a final result, and looked again, wondering unconsciously why, in spite of its insignificance, her face had called forth something akin to the sense of pleasure always produced by the contemplation of the beautiful. Her features, such as they were, belonged to the Central American Indian type, in which the nose looks aquiline in profile and flattened in full face. Her eyes were of a light gray color, such as is not uncommon among the Mayos, rather large than small, with narrow lids rimmed above and below with dark lashes that met at the corners and gave them a slightly slanting look. Her hair was neither fine nor coarse, but flexible and full of little ripples too short and abrupt to be called curls; at Holt's suggestion, but utterly indifferent herself as to the effect produced, she wound the two long plaits into a heavy coil, under which her clear olive skin looked no darker than the leaf of a tea-rose. Her hands and feet were small and exceedingly well shaped, even for an Indian. She held herself straight and walked gracefully, in spite of the loose, sack-shaped jacket which she had outgrown, and the straight-falling wrinkled cylinder of black cloth which she naïvely fancied was a skirt. The only evidence of coquetry which Holt had ever noticed in her was shortly after her mother's death, when she begged him to buy her a gold ring, and with this she would play for an hour at a time, sometimes looking up to ask whether it was "real gold, pure gold," and evidently attaching more importance to the standard of the metal than to the delicacy of the workmanship.

As Holt said nothing, but merely smiled, she bent her head and began twisting her ring; then she loosened her rebozo, readjusted it, and threw her head back, holding the ends of the shawl straight out before her. Her lips were parted, and between them the bright line of her teeth glistened in the sunlight, which made her half close her eyes as she looked at her master seriously, even solemnly.

"Don't you want to eat, Don Juan?" she asked again.

"Tell me first what time it is," he said, pointing to the clock on the wall.

She stood up and put the forefinger of her left hand at XII. on the dial, and began counting the minutes one by one with the other.

"That is twelve o'clock; that is fifteen, sixteen, seventeen minutes. Twelve o'clock and seventeen—is that right?" and she looked at him interrogatively over her shoulder.

"Yes, that is right, Masimita; you can bring the meat at once," he answered, and went out into the cotton-screened veranda where he took his meals during the rainy season. Eating was a monotonous, wearisome duty this hot weather, and the daily menu of *frijoles* and *tortillas*, with an occasional box of sardines, was ill calculated to stimulate a failing appetite, so that he looked upon his food as a medicine to be taken, nolens volens, three times a day.

Things were running smoothly at the mine, and the daily routine of duty was becoming so tedious to him that he craved for a little excitement of any kind to vary the monotony of this life. The same smooth routine existed below at the mill in Aduana, and the entertainment afforded by Alamos was neither very interesting nor very elevating. As he sat before his plate of beans Holt reflected that he had signed a three years' contract, and the hopeless isolation and dreariness of the existence which he must lead for at least two more years fairly appalled him. Hitherto his work had been so severe and engrossing that he had suffered but little from the intellectual isolation of his position; but he had had ample opportunities for appreciating how complete it was. In the whole of the surrounding country there was but one man of his years who could ever be a companion to him, and he was at work for a Mexican firm more than forty miles away, so that they could meet only at rare intervals. This Krisch was a German, an old Freiberger, as was also Holt, and it gave both these young exiles from the North a deep pleasure to talk over old days and "home." Isolated as they were in the great desert of Sonora, they had soon become good friends, and in each other's company forgot that they were but two. But to-day Holt was alone, and felt astounded and frightened at the relentless simplicity of the life to which he was doomed. Intellectual privation is harder to bear than physical hardship, and if man is materially attracted by vacuum, mentally he shrinks from and abhors it. The effects of absolute absence of sound, of light or motion, with which Holt had experimented upon himself below-ground, seemed insignificant now when compared with those likely to follow a two years' severance from all intellectual life, and he could not but liken his existence during these long months to come to the slow toilsome crossing of the barren plain which he could see stretching away before him, unbroken and silent, to the dim range of bluish hills behind which were civilization and home.

He was aroused from the contemplation of these dreary vistas by the sound of Masima's voice. "You do not eat, Don Juanito. Are the *frijoles* not good?"

"No, child," he answered, absently. "Take them away. I do not care for any to-day. Why didn't you give me some eggs?"

"*No hay, señor.*"

"There aren't any? Why not?"

"Why, the hens don't lay in the waters, Don Juan."

"And is there no meat?"

"No, señor; they have not killed this month. Shall I make you some *tomales?*"

"Never mind now, little one; you can keep them for supper. Bring me the coffee."

Masima went into the kitchen, and came back with the coffee-pot in one hand and in the other a revolver, which she held away from her, shuddering, as if the reflections from the nickel plating had been the gleam of a snake's eye.

"I am afraid," she said, with a nervous little laugh, as she laid it down on the table. "But I want to know how to load and clean the pistol. Show me."

"And what for do you want to know that?"

Masima looked out of the window for a few moments before replying; then she turned and said, quietly, "For that."

"That is no answer, little one. Come, tell me why you want to know."

The girl hung her head and looked down without speaking; then she took up the pistol, and said, in an entreating tone, "Show me, Don Juanito."

Holt was puzzled, for the girl had never spoken to him so earnestly before. She was not given to capricious whims, and it was evident that now she had some definite object in view. It was equally clear that no amount of questioning would make her disclose what she refused to tell of her own free-will. He was conscious of a vague presentiment of impending catastrophe, which, however, vanished from his mind even before it had had time to translate itself into an impression. There seemed to be no reason why he should not teach her to clean his fire-arms as well as his instruments; she was very careful and skilful with her fingers, and he apprehended no danger of accident from carelessness. So he granted her wish, and in half an hour she had learned to empty, load, and take to pieces his Merwin & Hulbert revolver and his Winchester carbine with a precision and rapidity which astonished him. With this, however, she was not satisfied, but ran into the office and brought him his Evans rifle. Holt began to think that her object was a more serious one than he had at first supposed, and asked her once more to tell him what she meant to do with the "irons."

"No, no, Don Juan; show me this one too," she answered, in a low voice hoarse with suppressed emotion. She had thrown off her rebozo, and was leaning over, with her elbows on the table and her chin resting on her upturned palms; a bright red spot glowed on her cheek under each eye; one of her braids had become loosened, and with a quick gesture she drew it across her mouth and held it there with her fingers half buried in the thick black coil.

The rifle was rusty, so he unscrewed the sliding joint to oil the bearing surfaces, Masima meanwhile following his movements with the quick, concentrated watchfulness of a cat, and moving her fingers very slowly back and forth one against the other. When he noticed her nervous condition he laid the screw-driver down, and, more to see what the effect would be on the excited little savage than because he expected an answer, he said, in a careless way: "If you don't tell me, Masima, I shall put it away without showing you how it works. What do you want to do with the rifle?"

For a moment she said nothing, then flashed her eyes suddenly up into his, and cried the single word, "*Matar.*"

Holt's first impulse was to burst into laughter at this exhibition of childish ferocity; but there was something in the savage gleam of her eye which stopped him. Her tense lowered brow cut off the upper part of the iris squarely, and the shrunken pupil stared at him very fixedly and very viciously, cold, bright, and glittering like the gaze of a *bursla* about to strike—a comparison that was strengthened by the slanting lines diverging backward from the root of the eyebrows, and the effect of which was apparently to flatten the forehead. A slight twitching sharpened the curves of the short upper lip, beneath which the little pointed teeth glistened suggestively, while the small hands were cramped like the talons of a bird of prey over the braid of hair that lay on the table.

Before he could sufficiently recover from his surprise to express himself in words, there was a jingle of spurs outside and a sharp rap at the door. Masima suddenly regained her usual quiet manner, and passed out lazily, as Alejo, Mr. Tracy's private *mozo*, entered the room without waiting for an answer. He wasted no time in unnecessary polite formalities, but handed a crumpled paper to Holt, and said the mules were ready. Then he untwisted the ends of a cigarette, emptied the contents into his hand, smoothed the paper, and rolling up the tobacco with a single quick jerk of his thumbs, he asked Don Juan for a light.

The letter was from Mr. Tracy, the general manager, and its style, like the bearer, lacked "effete" polish or adornment.

"DEAR JACK,—Send down every white man you've got; five sharp; engine-room at the mill. Get ready to start for a week's journey; leave from the mine with the moon to-night; four mozos. Come down at once. H— to pay!

"TRACY."

Holt read the letter through twice; there could be no mistake about it. If Tracy said there was h— to pay, the news must be important and serious. So he sent Alejo at once down to the shift-house to transmit the orders, and was about to call Masima, when she walked into the room and came up to him.

"You want me, Don Juan?" she asked, without looking at him.

"Yes, child. I am going away to-night for a few days. Will you get my things ready?"

"Where are you going, Don Juanito?" the girl asked, clasping her hands.

"*Quien sabe, chiquita!* but that does not matter to you; you will have a holiday. Are you glad?"

"And you are coming back, Don Juan—quite sure you are coming back?"

"Why, of course I am coming back. But what is the matter?" he asked, struck by the curious way in which she had looked at him.

"*Nada, señor.*" She hesitated a moment; then, coming up quite close to him, she looked into his eyes and added, in a whisper, "Don't pass near Baballahui."

"Why, what do you mean, Masima?" Holt asked, surprised at this warning. But she sprang away from him quickly and ran out of the room. There was no time to lose; so he did not follow, but buckled on his spurs, and vaulted on to the mule which Alejo was holding outside. "The girl knows something evidently," he said to himself as he rode away; "and in this country it is wise to accept the advice of the natives, absurd as it may often seem. Where is Baballahui, anyway?" he asked of Alejo, as they rode down the winding path that leads to Aduana.

"Below Navajoa, Don Juan; 'way down on the Mayo, in the Indian Country."

"Indian Country!" Holt gave a prolonged whistle as the truth suddenly flashed across his mind. "The Mayos must be rising. *Picacho!* that looks serious." With a quick movement he drove the spurs into Panchita, who dashed off at a gallop over the rocky road, and a few minutes later he pulled her up, covered with foam, in the patio of the hacienda.

As he entered the office Mr. Tracy stopped in his nervous race from wall to wall of the large, red-tiled apartment, and held out his hand. "I'm glad to see you, Jack," he said. "How are you? Take a cigar and sit down. Did you notify the men? Good! Now to business."

While Holt was shaking hands with Don Agustin Salcevedo and his brother Guadalupe, who had ridden in from the river with the news, Tracy unfolded a large map of the State of sonora, and spread it out on the table before them. He was a short, well-knit man of fifty, with hard, bright blue eyes, whose expression never softened, and a quick, energetic manner which the men liked well. He had formerly served in the frontier cavalry, and had there acquired the habit of speaking abruptly, in a loud, distinct tone of command, which made even his "good-morning" sound like a peremptory order. In spite of this outward hardness he was a good, just man, of relentless integrity, and great yet not reckless intrepidity. Life was short, and he had no time to waste, strange as this might seem to the Mexican gentlemen, whose phlegmatic indifference was to him a source of perpetual wonder and irritation. "I was born alive, and the best of those fellows," he used to say, speaking of his Spanish friends, "was raised in some kind of an incubator. However, they are in their own country, and you must let them do things in their own way. Their governor is set for low speed, and you can't hurry them any more than you can a mule. Dig the spurs in, and the cussèd animal will come to a full stop."

"Look here, Jack," he began, after weighting down the corners of the map with specimens of ore, and pointing to the space enclosed between the Gulf of California and the Yaqui and Mayo rivers, "it isn't a long story; the Indians are rising *en masse*, and in less than a fortnight they will have walloped all the troops in the state, and be dancing a fandango on the plaza of Alamos. They want to pass over the hill yonder and take us in on the way. I've been thinking for some time past that that was their game, and when they call I'm going to plank down a straight flush. Our friends here say it's no use, and advise us to move into town and join the troops. What do you think of it?"

"Well, Mr. Tracy," Holt answered, cautiously, "if the men will stand, and we have the proper tools, I suppose we run as good a chance of being scalped here as down below. You want to fight, of course—and I guess I'll have to obey orders."

"Good, Jack," Tracy answered, quickly; "I knew you would. Gentlemen," he continued, turning to the Mexicans, whose stolid faces showed neither approval nor criticism, "we'll risk it. Now you tell us all you know and give us the points."

While the officers of the company were discussing their plans, the men straggled in from the mine in small parties of five or six, and lounged around the engine-room, waiting for the appointed hour. Many of them had been in the country a long time, and had learned that patience was a necessity; there was little if any excitement, except among the Cornishmen fresh from the "ol' countary," and little talking, for the regular monotonous pounding of the stamps rendered all conversation difficult. Moreover, like all men who have lived together, a small community cut off from all intercourse with the outer world, they had little or nothing to say to each other. Their interests and feelings were all more or less the same, and the exciting incidents developed by the routine of a well-regulated mining camp are few, and usually disposed of in a few words. Perhaps it was owing to the imposing silence of the landscape, perhaps also to a certain sense of isolation which all recognized in a greater or lesser degree, or perhaps to the strange, inexplicable atmosphere of prudery which miners are apt to draw around their former life, but sustained conversation at the Higuerita had never been encouraged. The men seemed content to sit together, for the most part silent, and smoke their pipes in philosophic indifference. In this country they tacitly recognized their absolute insignificance as mere individuals; for action it was imperative that they should form a combined party. The elements, the country itself, the population, and the conditions of life in their surroundings were all hostile factors in their struggle, and the odds were by far too long for any single man to battle against. So they waited calmly for the appearance of their chiefs, without troubling themselves to discuss eventualities of which they were totally ignorant.

At a few minutes before five the stamps were hung up and steam shut off. The large fly-wheel of the engine, carried on by its own impetuosity, made a few more uncertain turns, hesitated, and finally stopped altogether. The whistle sounded shrilly three times, and as the quavering, sibilant echo lost itself among the neighboring cañadas the men in the engine-room fell apart in two distinct groups, miners and mill hands, each headed by its respective boss. Mr. Tracy, Holt, and the other officers walked up between them, and occupied the engineer's platform.

"Boys," Mr. Tracy began at once, in his clear, determined voice, "I have called you together to ask you to stand by me. The Indians are rising between the rivers and are coming this way. There are hardly any troops between us and them, so that it is merely a question of a few days. But the Governor has sent re-enforcements from the north, and I want to hold out until they arrive. We shall have machine-guns, plenty of provisions, and plenty of ammunition. All we need is men. We put up this plant together, boys; let us stand by it. We made this mine; let us fight for it. However, I want you to understand the situation thoroughly before you answer. It is a matter of life and death. If we are defeated, there will not be a man left to tell the story. There is time yet for you to get away if you're so minded. but I want to know to-night whether you are going or whether you will see me through. I mean to stay if I stay alone."

Lowe, the mill boss, picked up a shingle, and with a piece of chalk in his hand he walked down the line to make his tally.

"The mill is all right, colonel," he cried out, cheerfully. "But, by G—, I'd 'a given any chap who'd 'a wanted to back down such an almighty hidin' he couldn't 'a got away anyhow!"

Meanwhile Jack Corbis, the boss miner, was quietly plugging his pipe. He had not even turned to look at his men, and his sole preoccupation seemed to be regarding the quantity of tobacco which judicious compression could induce his cutty to hold.

"Well, Jack?" Holt called out to him.

"In course we'll fight," Jack answered, in a half-apologetic, half-indignant tone, and shrugging his broad shoulders. "And now, boys," he added, turning to face the miners, "three cheers for the colonel!"

When the noise had subsided, the men were conscious of a distinct but at first indefinable change in the moral atmosphere of their life. It was as though a pair of strong magnifying-glasses had suddenly been placed before their eyes, and they had not yet grown accustomed to this new perspective. Immediate objects and details had become painfully, abnormally distinct, while those a little farther removed looked blurred and shadowy. They felt that it was now no longer merely a question of working along, one shift nearer to an ever-receding end, nor of taking up to-morrow the job they had left unfinished to-day. They had three weeks before them, and into these three weeks, for some of them at least, the total remaining energy of their life must be condensed. It was clear to all that they had a new basis in life. In the minds of some this took the form of presentiment. The less superstitious, less imaginative among them merely looked on the issue as a supreme but doubtful one, and avoided applying the result to themselves individually. All, however, felt the necessity of reflecting on this matter seriously; so little was said as they regained their quarters and wondered what plan would be adopted for the defence of the mine.

It was nearly dark when Holt returned to his cabin. A cold supper was laid out on the table, but Masima was nowhere to be found, and only the old grandmother answered his calls. She had not seen the girl for some hours. Mr. Tracy had given him orders to start that night with four men to re-enforce and hurry along the mule train, now on its way from the north with the guns and ammunition, and he had too many things on his mind to trouble himself then about the girl's whereabouts. So, after seeing that his instructions had been carried out, he kicked off his boots, threw himself on his *tarima*, and in less than half an hour he was sound asleep.

When he awoke, about two o'clock, Alejo was standing by his side, belted and spurred, with his serape wound around him.

"*Ya esta, Don Juan,*" he said, in his low but penetrating voice. "The moon is rising."

Holt jumped up, pulled on his boots, and buckled on his revolver, while the boy put on his spurs. As he was leaving the room, Krisch ran in, and taking him in his arms, kissed him on either cheek.

"*Du* Dscheck! I'm going with you," he exclaimed, as soon as his lips had finished their osculatory duty. "You don't object to my going?"

Holt rather favored the Anglo-Saxon prejudice against masculine kisses, and grasped his hand warmly. At this juncture nothing could have given him greater pleasure than the appearance of this rosy-cheeked, red-bearded, simple-hearted friend; yet, with the reserve characteristic of his race, he compressed his joy into the somewhat *banal* and cold greeting: "How are you, old man? I am glad to see you. But, Krisch," he continued, as the opportunity of the latter's arrival struck him, "why are you here? How did you know I was going?"

"I got back to Alamos this evening, just as Don Agustin returned from Aduana," the other answered, "and he told me the whole story. I thought if there was any fighting I might as well be here with you as alone in town with the Mexicans, so I rode back to the mill. Tracy said you were going off with the moon, and I thought to myself so: 'Caramba! I'll go with Dscheck!' and here I am."

"You know it's a dangerous ride, Krisch; we may get caught, and that will be the end of it."

"Na! You're going, and if it comes to—to—I'd rather be with you, Dscheck."

Holt pressed his hand again, and they went out into the soft moonlight that flowed in like a solemn tide over the crest of the Frailes. This little plateau, barren as it was, had, after all, been his home for more than a year, and now for the first time he experienced a feeling of sadness at leaving it. It occurred to him that he might never see it again, and he turned to look once more at the simple whitewashed house, his *chez-moi*, and at the silent cabins of the miners up on the Libertad Hill. As he stood there, something moved in the shadow of the veranda, and he called out, "Is that you, Masima?"

"*Sí, señor,*" the girl answered, coming forward. "And you are already going away, Don Juanito?"

"Yes, little one. Will you come with me?"

"You will say, Don Juanito. I would go."

Holt was moved. Perhaps it was only that the sadness which he could not shake off sought expression in some form distinct from articulate speech; or perhaps the impropriety of retaining in his possession the labial demonstrations which Krisch had implanted on his cheeks suggested a transfer; but whatever the motive, he gently wound his hand among the black braids under the girl's rebozo, drew her head back, and kissed her.

"*Adios, Masimita!*" he cried, as he vaulted into the saddle.

"*Vaya con Dios, Don Juan!*" she answered, softly: and in single file they rode out into the deep shadow which Higuerita threw over the Rochin Valley.

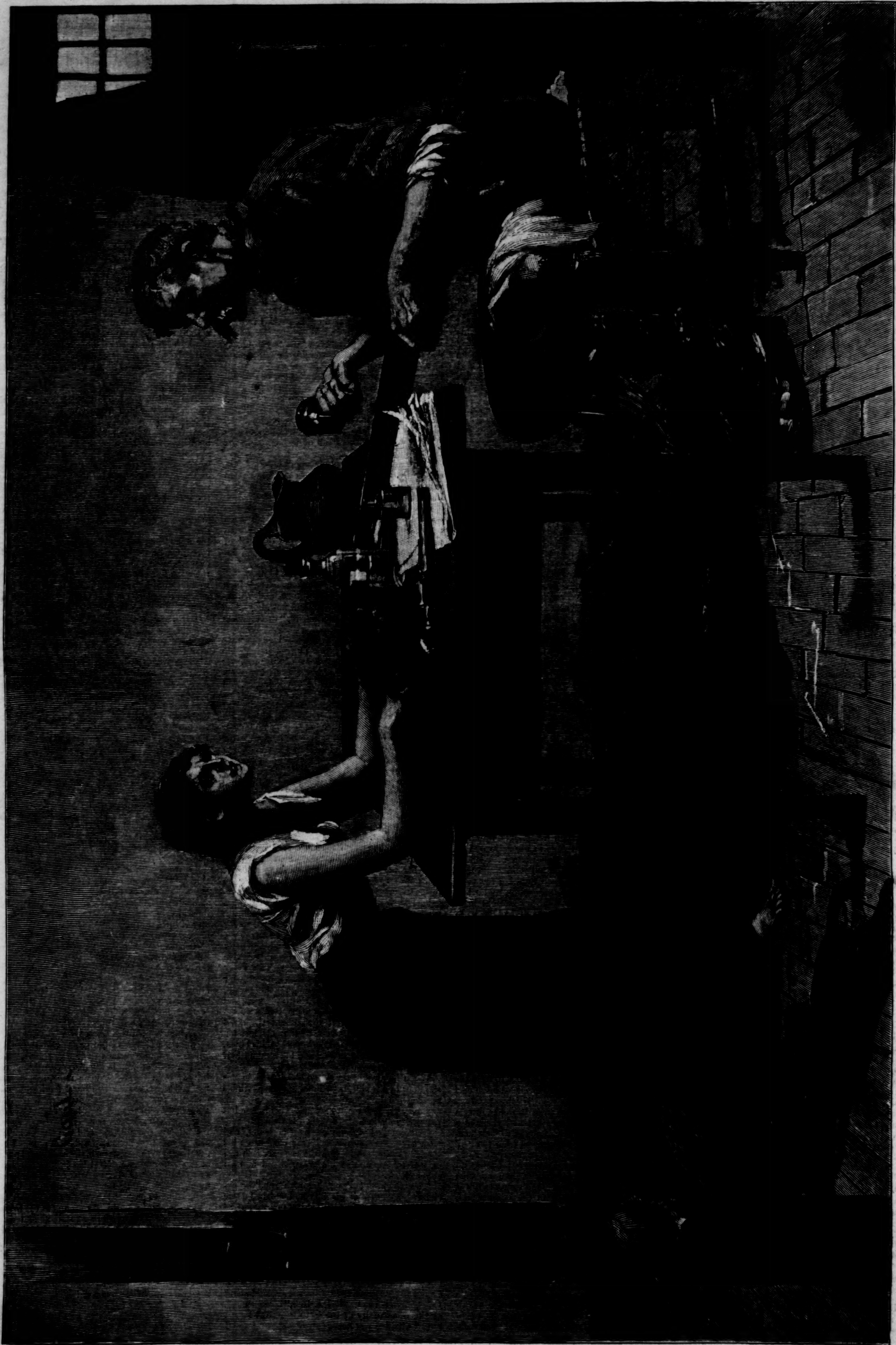
At this early hour nothing moved in the silent landscape, checkered with strong lights and shadows; the night was cool, and in the cañadas, where a slight mist hung in the mesquite branches, the air was heavy with the sweet perfume of the papaches and the more pungent fragrance of the romeria. From time to time, as their tapaderas caught in the dry hollow thorns of the mantos and shook their feathery branches, a startled cow would jump to her feet heavily and gaze for a moment at the riders with her large sad eyes, then break away noisily through the brush; or a frightened chupilote, suddenly awakened by the clink of the mules' shoes on some loose stone, would sail away from his perch on a fluted hecho column to another farther off, and all grew silent again and still as before.

Dawn was breaking when they reached level ground and put their mules to a trot along the Navajoa road. They were now nearing the Indian Country, and Holt sent two *mozos* ahead as a vanguard; the other two rode behind, while Krisch and he cantered along between them. It may have been that these precautions made the presence of danger seem more real, or perhaps it was only the influence of the chilly grayness of early dawn, but certainly both Jack and his companion began to realize that this was a very different ride from any they had taken before. They were not afraid, yet the nervous restlessness from which even old soldiers are not exempt before the battle has begun is something akin to animal fear. The dismal bark of the coyote in the prairie seemed doubly dismal and foreboding. Visions and recollections of home would suddenly force themselves irrelevantly upon their thoughts with a strange vividness, then as suddenly vanish, leaving behind them a feeling of uncertainty that was only intensified by the wild beauty and loneliness of the silent country through which they were riding. Nothing moved as they passed through the ranchos along the road, and no sound came from the corrals but the whining bark of some half-coyote cur skulking behind the long lines of pack-saddles set up side by side like a gallery of little Gothic arches. Beneath the porches men, women, and children slept together with their pigs and hens; and outside, under the large full-topped mesquites, the *arrieros*, wrapped in their blue and white serapes, lay on the bare ground in picturesque groups, just as they had fallen the night before. Along the banks of the stony arroyos tall sabino-trees fluttered their little feathery fern-shaped leaves in the blue-gray light that in the east was tinged with purplish reflections, and poured the heavy dew-drops on to the star-shaped leaves of the palma-christi through which the mules pushed their way slowly. Suddenly a cock crowed in the distance, a heron rose heavily from the reeds near them, and as they reached the Mayo the sun burst forth gloriously over the eastern horizon, scattering a cloud of gold-dust over the mist that lay on the river, and sounding nature's mighty reveille. In an instant the whole scene changed, and life awoke noisily. The mules threw up their heads and plunged into the river; the riders sat up in the saddle and pulled at this strap or that. Mottled jack-rabbits, with soft pink ears standing upright, ran along before them, and stopped suddenly with a jerk behind some stone to gaze at the passing horsemen, and a thousand birds chattered and sang in the thicket that but a moment before was silent and dead. All feeling of despondency had vanished, and a healthy gladness drove away the last vestige of fear or fatigue. Krisch looked up, laughing, and called out, "Du Dscheck!"

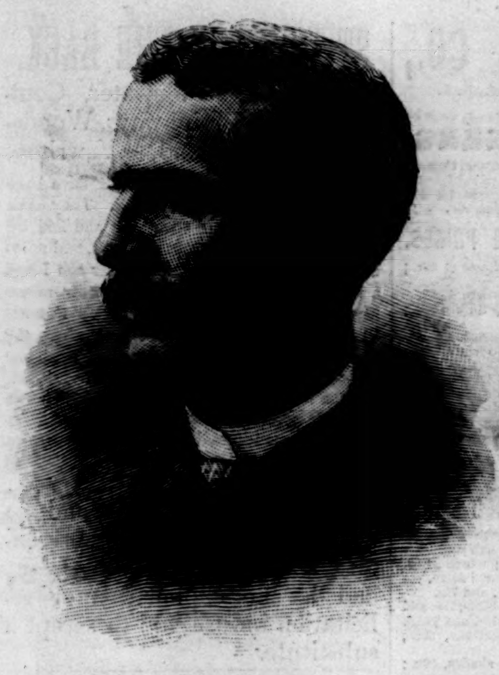
"What is it?" answered Holt, knowing full well that his friend had nothing to say. "Isn't it glorious? Let's have a gallop."

And sitting far back in the saddle, they held up their reins in their left hand, and swinging the riata in the right, they gradually disappeared behind the low ridges of the rolling ground.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO WITH THE RIFLE?"—Drawn by Gilbert Gaul.—[See Story, "Why they Shut Down at the Higuerita," on Page 210.]



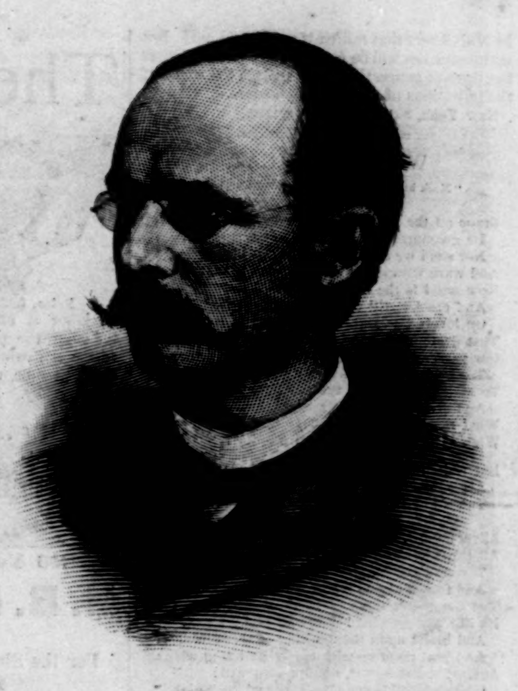
MR. ELIJAH W. HALFORD, THE PRIVATE SECRETARY OF PRESIDENT HARRISON.
From a Photograph by Clark, Indianapolis.

THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

Elijah Walker Halford was born at Nottingham, England, 1843. The family came to this country in 1848, settling first at Cincinnati and next at Hamilton, Ohio, where the father died, leaving the mother and five children, **Elijah** being the third child and eldst son, and then aged eleven years. He at once went into a printing-office, which, after a year's service, he left for one year in school. He returned to the printing-office the year following, at the age of thirteen, and has been there or thereabout ever since. He went to Indianapolis in 1861 as a type-setter in a job office. Two years later he became a city reporter on the Indianapolis *Daily Journal*. He worked up through the grades of the service to the position of editorial writer, and thence stepped into the managing editorship in 1871. In March, 1872, he became the first managing editor of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, then founded. This position he filled for two years, when, voluntarily retiring, he returned to Indianapolis and to his former position on the *Journal*, which, with the exception of a service of eighteen months with the Indianapolis *News*, he filled until his appointment as private secretary. Mr. **Halford** is married and has one child, a daughter, seventeen years old.

JOHN M. THURSTON.

The Republican League of the United States, which is composed of nearly seven thousand local Republican clubs, held a National Convention recently at Baltimore. On March 1st, the last day of the session, it chose **John M. Thurston**, of Nebraska, as its president, to succeed the first incumbent of that office, Mr. **James P. Foster**, of New York. Mr. **Thurston** first came into prominence in national politics as the temporary chairman of the Republican National Convention at Chicago last summer. He was at the head of the Nebraska delegation in that body, and in his speech opening the proceedings of the Convention he delivered a somewhat extravagant eulogy upon **James G. Blaine**, speaking of him as the "uncrowned king" of the Republican party. He is a native of Montpelier, Vermont, and was born in 1847. While he was a child his parents removed to Madison, Wisconsin. His father died in the army in 1863, leaving the family in poor circumstances. Young **Thurston** worked on a farm in his boyhood and went to school in the winter. At the age of eighteen he was driving a grocery wagon in Chicago, but he was afterward graduated at Wayland University and studied law, being admitted to the bar in 1869. He settled down to practice in Omaha, and began early to take an active part in local politics as an ardent Republican. He held the office of Alderman, and was for a time a member of the Nebraska Legislature. He also served as City Attorney of Omaha. Of late he has devoted his time largely to the service of the Union Pacific Railway Company, of which he is general counsel.



MR. JOHN M. THURSTON, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLICAN LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES.

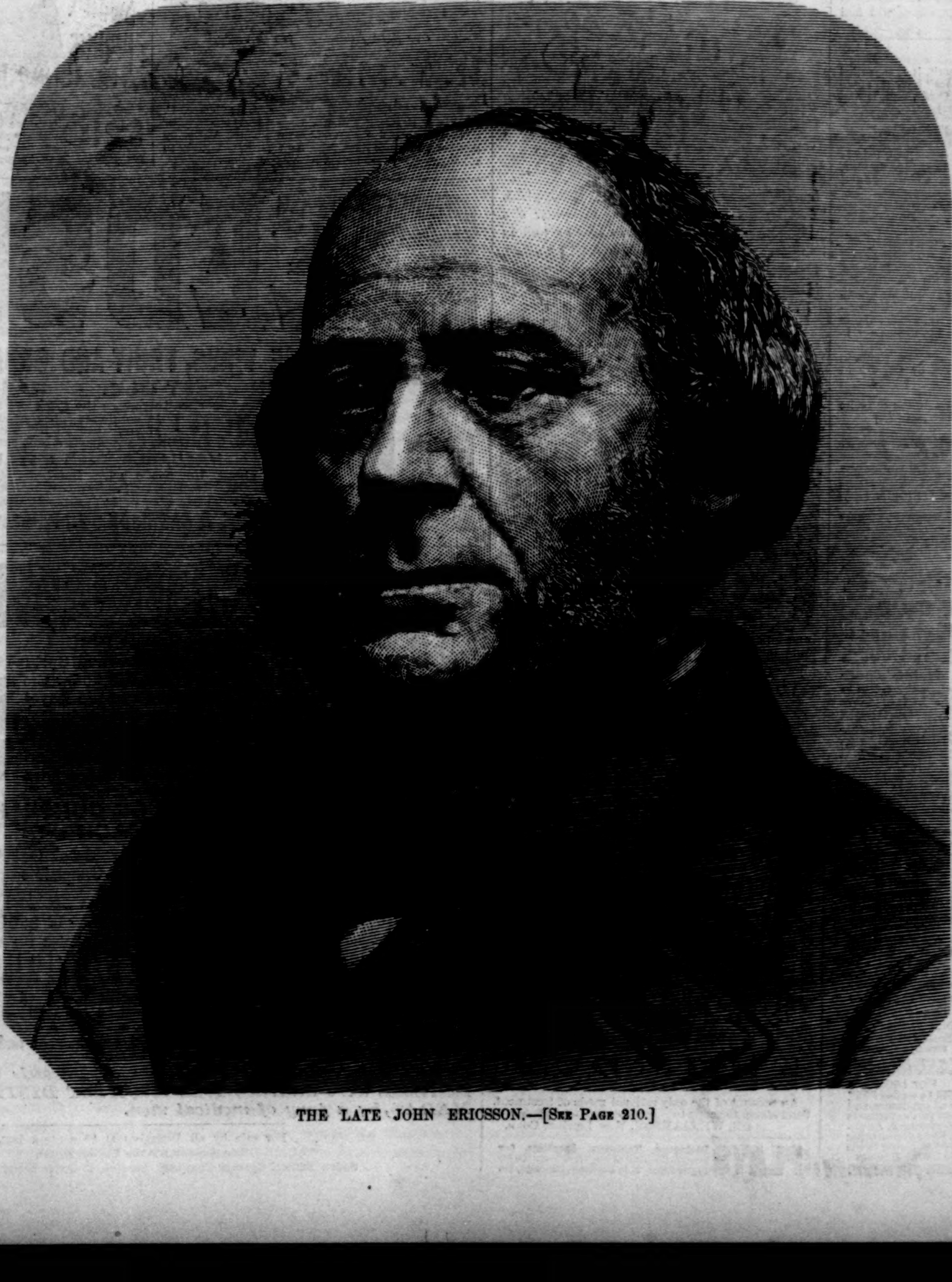
THE RAILROAD REFORM.

The work of improving and reforming railroad management makes tangible progress every week. It is a development that challenges closer attention than any event that has interested the financial community since the resumption of specie payments ten years ago. That event was followed by a period of prosperity, physical development of the country, and finally wild speculation. It would be unwise to attempt to predict how our commercial and financial history will be affected by the change that is now going on in the relations between the people and the railroads, and between the owners of the railroads and those who have been responsible to the public for their management. One reason that it is impossible to forecast results in this movement is that it is still in its incipiency; besides, it is unparalleled. Still it has gained fair headway, and its momentum is increasing every day. Education in the matter is still needed, though the Inter-State Commerce Law has taught railroad managers and their patrons a number of important lessons, while losses sustained by the owners of securities on the Western and Southwestern roads have made investors more tractable than ever before, and at the same time aroused public opinion against a number of glaring abuses. Another reason why it is impossible to forecast the results of this movement is that we are still an agricultural nation, hence every problem relating to our growth in a large way literally depends upon the weather.

But it does seem entirely reasonable to assume that the readjustment of the relations between so important an industry as the 150,000 miles of railroad of this country, the millions of people who use them, and the tens of thousands who own them must result in something better than we have known. The effect of the important amendments to the Inter-State Law that were adopted by Congress during its last hours, and were at once signed by the retiring Executive, cannot but result in greater stability in rates, which is of immense advantage to the shipper, and incidentally increases the receipts of the railroads. The enactment of this important piece of legislation was one of the few acts that can be credited to the Congress that has just expired. Probably not half a score of persons appreciated its importance. This seems to have been one of those cases in which ignorance was of value, for had certain railroad managers or certain politicians realized its importance it might not have been carried. The Inter-State Commerce Commission now has full power, not only over roads running through two States, but over tariffs made by two or more roads jointly. A little time for reflection, argument, and perhaps retraction is now compulsory in the matter of reducing rates. And this is a most excellent provision. The Commissioners have already notified the railroads what they must expect if they violate the law; not fines alone, but penal punishment as well. Every one except the dishonest railroad manager is benefited by such law-making as this.

The other phase in which progress has been made this week is also worth careful attention. For once New York has been left in the lurch in the most important crusade that has ever been made by a body of security holders. Connecticut has taken the lead this time, and bids fair to hold it. The vast accumulations of wealth in Hartford, a large part of it in railroads, makes it a pre-eminently proper place for the first organization of a campaign against incompetency and lack of integrity in railroad management. That the campaign will be successful no one need doubt. The cause is one that contains the chief element of success—it is a righteous one. It appeals to the common-sense of every one. The first skirmish may result in little or nothing, and the second attack may fall short of its purpose. But back of all the agitation and the movements seen at the surface the army of security holders is falling into line more rapidly than the casual observer can detect. This year may not see the desired end accomplished, but it will see permanent progress made. Indeed it is no small matter for congratulation that stockholders all over the country and in Europe have been made to feel for the first time in their lives that their ownership is not limited to the certificate they are hoarding, but that the certificate represents ownership in property that they in the aggregate are entitled to manage.

From this general enlightenment—of railroad managers as to their accountability, of owners as to their responsibility, of the people to the obligations they are under to the most potent factor in modern civilization—there can be but one result. It may be delayed by an unpropitious season resulting in a curtailment of business generally, by defective leadership, or by spasms of demagogism, but in the end our transportation system, which is as essential to the political existence of the country as its Constitution, in which more of our wealth is invested than in any other enterprise, upon which every one is dependent not only for the comforts but the necessities of life as well, will be, as it ever has been, the safest and most profitable, and hence the most desirable, of investments. At the moment it is fashionable to assert



THE LATE JOHN ERICSSON.—[See Page 210.]

in Wall Street that railroads are played out. But their securities will be fashionable there long after the present generation has forgotten the sound of the pulsations of the stock indicators. C. A.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, March* 9, 1889.

WINTER WHEAT.

"Much bread is growing in the winter's night."
—*Swedish Proverb.*

SINCE all the wheat is hidden by the snow,
Its greenness is no more a sweet surprise,
Nor shall we see again the young blades rise,
And wave with every wind's breath to and fro.
How cruel is the fate that wills it so!
And crueler still the wintry blight that lies
On lovely lips and innocent dear eyes
That death has stricken. How can we forego
Our passionate outcrying? Wrong, oh, wrong
To break the bud before its perfect flower,
To stop the music in the middle song,
And bring the dark in morning's happy hour!
What recompense, O bitter Life, in thee
Whose Discord so outrages Harmony?

But wait till time is ripe: a vernal air
Across the world of ice blows warm and sweet;
The snow-wreaths melt; and lo! the tender wheat,
Alive, unhurt, upspringing everywhere!
All through the bitter winter's blank despair,
Through the wild days of tossing hail and sleet,
And frozen nights whose glittering stars repeat
The changeless truth of God's eternal care,
Its life was growing! Restless soul, be still,
And brood upon the meaning of these things,
And beat no more with madly fluttering wings
Against the steadfast, omnipresent will:
"Much bread is growing in the winter's night,"
And outer darkness yields the inner light.

MARY BRADLEY.

SWEPT BY THE TIDE OF POPULARITY

To the topmost pinnacle of success, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters stands a shining proof of what genuine merit, backed by the living force of proven facts, can attain. The North and South American continents, Europe, Australia, the West Indies, Guatemala, and Mexico have all contributed wide patronage and testimony of the most favorable kind—but unsolicited—to swell the reputation of this sterling remedy. Among the maladies for which the most convincing public and professional testimony proves that it is a benign curative, are chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake, dyspepsia, liver complaint, nervousness, debility, kidney and bladder complaints. It mitigates the infirmities of age, hastens convalescence, has a tendency to prevent ill consequences from exposure and exhaustion. Persons of sedentary habits and laborious occupations will find it an ever useful tonic.—[*Adv.*]

SUCCESS.

IF success be the true test of merit, it is a settled fact that "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have no equal for the prompt relief of Coughs, Colds, and Throat troubles. *Sold only in boxes.*—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE.—[*Adv.*]

USE ANGOSTURA BITTERS to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in order.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

THE superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Ad.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has ***more than three times the strength*** of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, ***costing less than one cent a cup.*** It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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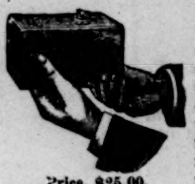
The Kodak.



Price, $25.00.

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Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

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CAN SUPPLY
For the Sick-Room
For Grand Dinners,
For Family Use,

Reliable Wines and Liquors
THAT ARE WELL MATURED.
ALSO MEDIUM AGES.

Wines bottled by the Hungarian Government.
No other House can furnish "OLD CROW RYE."

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Faille Francaise, the most popular silk in Europe, warranted not to slip or pull in the seams, 22 inches wide, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00.
Opening of Ladies' Tailor-made Jackets, Ulsters, and Carriage Wraps.

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BARRY'S
ESTABLISHED 1801
Tricopherous
FOR
THE HAIR

The Oldest and the Best.

Imparts vigor, gloss, luxuriance, and beauty to the hair, and is recommended as being a sovereign remedy for all ailments of the hair or scalp.

BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N.Y. City.

FREE TO F.A.M. Fine Colored Engraving of the Ancient Building in London, in which the first G. L. of F. A. M. was held. Also large illustrated Catalogue of all Masonic books and goods with bottom prices. Grand new work for Agents. ☞ Beware of spurious Masonic books. REDDING & CO., Masonic Publishers and Manufacturers, 731 Broadway, New York.

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"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

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DRESS VELVETEENS.

We are offering a superior quality in Black and Colored Dress Velveteens at 59c. per yard; recently sold at 85c. We call attention to our Colored Cashmeres, 100 different shades, at 49c. per yard; real value, 75c.

BLACK SILKS AT ATTRACTIVE PRICES.

A Good Black Surah, Rhadame, or Duchesse at 69c.; worth 90c.
A Rich Royal Armure, 5 designs, 88c.; worth $1.25.
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A Heavy Black Watered Silk at 99c.; worth $1.30.
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A Superior Black Faille Française at $1.25 and $1.48.
Elegant Black Satin Duchesse, $1.25 and $1.48.
Rich Novelties in Black Royal, with Moire Stripes, $1.49; worth $2.00.
A Rich Black Gros-Grain, with wide Moire Stripes, $1.25; worth $2.00.
A Double-Warp Black Surah or All-Silk Satin at 58c.; worth $1.00.

GENUINE BARGAINS IN COLORED SILKS.

Black-and-White Check Surah, 59c.; worth 85c.
Black Surah, with Gray Stripes, 49c.; worth 85c.
Fine 24-inch White Shanghai Silk, 59c.; worth $1.00.
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All Colors in China Silks, 49c., 59c., 69c., and 79c.
Choice Designs in 27-inch Printed India Silks, 78c. and 89c. This quality is generally sold at $1.00 and $1.25.
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Magnificent Stock of Rich Round-Cord Faille Française, will not crack or slip, 84c., 97c., and $1.19; worth $1.00, $1.25, and $1.50.

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Black Cashmeres at lowest prices ever known.
Our quality C at 69c., is good value for 85c.
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" " F " 99c., " " " $1.25.

Silk-Warp Henriettas. Note the Great Reduction in Prices.
Our quality AA at 97c.; was $1.15.
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Send for Samples of the above Special Bargains. Be sure to mention this paper.

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BRAZILIAN ORCHIDS—Grower & Collector, C. Struve, at Rio de Janeiro. Orders for these Orchids will be received by the general agents, Valentine Brothers, Produce Exchange, New York, according to catalogue furnished by them on application.

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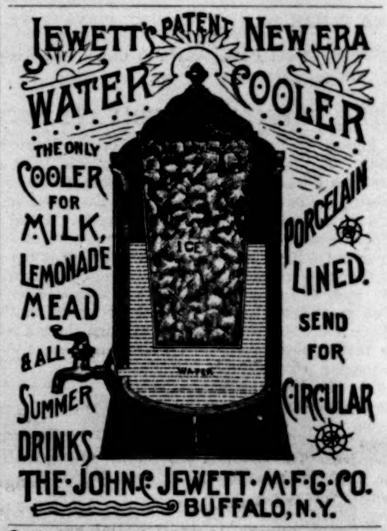
Peter C. Vandewater, Commissioner of Highways, Woodsburgh, Long Island, N.Y., writes:

"During the last three years I have been troubled with stitches in the back. They came on without the slightest warning and laid me up for two and three weeks at a time, and nothing did me any good. Over a year ago I had a more severe attack. I could hardly move. My wife then applied an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER on the small of my back where the kink appeared to be. I never had used one before. In a short time all pain had vanished, and the next morning I got up and attended to my business. I put a fresh Plaster on every week for a month, and I feel that I have been entirely cured, as I have not had an attack in the last eighteen months."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **Allcock's,** and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.



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GRAPE VINES, FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES
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SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

TRADE-MARK.

PREPARED FROM THE
Sanative Salts of the highly renowned Springs of the German Health Resort, SODEN in the TAUNUS, under the supervision and control of W. Stoeltzing, M.D., Member of the Royal Board of Health.

They are to be used with great benefit in all **Chronic Catarrhs of the Throat, Larynx, and Lungs.**

By their action the **mucus is dissolved,** quiet and ease obtained; owing to their rare advantages they alleviate an often very trying **cough** and then bring about the longed-for recovery. Their influence has been exceedingly beneficial in cases of

the different **CATARRHS OF CONSUMPTIVES,**
the Chronic Catarrhs of the **STOMACH** and **INTESTINES,**
Constipation, Hemorrhoids, Enlargement of the Liver,
and other Abdominal Complaints
requiring a mild, laxative, and stimulating treatment.

DIPHTHERIA can be prevented by the use of **SODEN MINERAL LOZENGES,** as it has been demonstrated that the spores of the disease settle only in throats affected by Catarrh; and the tormenting **WHOOPING COUGH** is changed to its mildest form.

Singers, Speakers, Preachers, Lawyers, Teachers, and all whose vocations require continued use of the voice will experience gratifying relief by using these Pastilles.

The most renowned Medical Authorities recommend and prescribe them.

At the International Exhibition at Brussels the* SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES *were awarded THE HIGHEST DISTINCTION, SILVER MEDAL, by a jury of medical men.

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Sole Agency for the United States,
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NINTH INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS.

A PAPER OF GREAT INTEREST, READ BY

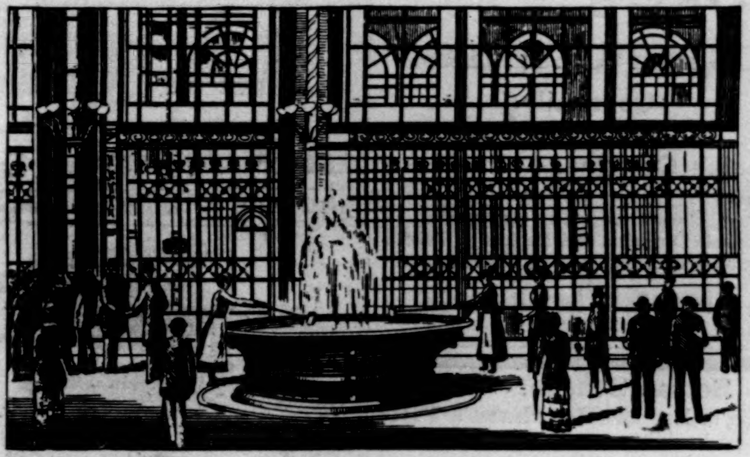
A. L. A. TOBOLDT, M.D.,

ASSISTANT DEMONSTRATOR UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, EDITOR "MEDICAL CLIPPING AND NEW CHEMICALS," ETC.

THE famous fountain of health at Carlsbad, in Bohemia, which has been the refuge of invalids for five centuries, is certainly well worthy of a careful study. My experience with this remedial agent has been such that I may truly say that no remedy which I have ever employed has given me so much pleasure and profit as this particular one.

My opinion as to mineral waters generally, and Carlsbad in particular, which is probably shared by the majority of the profession, has been that much if not all the therapeutic action may be traced to change of scene, to the strict diet enforced, to out-door exercise, and the large quantities of water drank. Starting with this opinion, I undertook a series of experiments with Carlsbad waters, such as is exported by the authorities of the City of Carlsbad. Selecting a number of chronic hypochondriacs whose afflictions had baffled all my previous efforts as my subjects, I was truly astonished to note that, although no rigid diet was prescribed, and only a limited amount of exercise was indulged in, I obtained most remarkable results—*the complexion, even after a week's use, began to clear up*, the step became more firm and elastic, and, what was more, the entire host of hypochondriacal complaints seemed to vanish like mist. These surprising results bade me pause, and I then set about investigating the subject more closely, arguing that it certainly could not be the water alone that produced these effects. The diet and exercise having been left entirely out of consideration in several of the cases, I proceeded to use the Crystallized Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt*, which, being obtained by evaporating the waters, I thought must surely be *the* remedial agent. But alas! when I came to use this, by dissolving it in ordinary water or in carbonic-acid water, I invariably failed to get so prompt an action, and in the majority of cases utterly failed to get that peculiar therapeutic effect which I had obtained from the exported mineral waters themselves. There was something at fault with either my argument or the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt*. On looking up the subject I found that at Carlsbad the salt was only recommended and used as an addition to the mineral waters, to act as a purgative when the waters failed in that respect. The analysis of the salt, I found, did not tally with that of the mineral waters, so, for a time at least, I fell back on the use of the exported Carlsbad waters until my attention was called to experiments made by Dr. Jaworski, of Krakaw, with "Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* in powder form." I then determined to give this a trial, still convinced that it was not the water, but its contained salts that produced the therapeutic effect. The chemical analysis of the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt*, in powder form, certainly more nearly corresponded to that of the mineral waters, and upon trial I found that I could obtain almost the same effect with the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt Powder*. The first case upon which I tried it was so unique that I was literally dumfounded at the result. A woman who five years before had weighed but 75 pounds had in that time increased in weight to 190 pounds—a gain of 115 pounds. She came to me for treatment, laboring under all the symptoms that would naturally be expected from such an enormous increase in weight. I put her first upon the Crystallized Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt*, only to be disappointed; when, after several weeks, I used the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* in powder form, I was really startled to note the effect. In eight days, *i. e.*, from Wednesday to the next Thursday, she lost 16 pounds, an average of 2 pounds per day, and was, in consequence, losing all the symptoms she had so much complained of. The woman had in the meantime been indulging in her customary diet, even to drinking several glasses of beer daily, and, being a market-woman, she had been debarred from taking any extra exercise. This then verified my theory that if there was any therapeutic action in Carlsbad mineral waters it ought to have the same effect without the usual adjuncts of a Carlsbad cure, namely, diet and exercise. In the very next case, a mild one of diabetes mellitus, the sugar disappeared entirely after its use, the patient only abstaining from fresh fruits, and that because it caused too great a looseness of his passages. How the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt Powder* acts in diabetes mellitus I am unable to say, and must content myself with stating facts only. I will not tire you with a recital of any more cases. Sufficient, I think, has already been said to warrant calling your attention to a remedial agent that, in one form at least, has been known and used by the profession for the last four centuries.

The Springs of Carlsbad are located in Bohemia, and have been known to the profession ever since the fourteenth century, and have been gaining in their favor ever since. The waters of Carlsbad have only been imported into this country in bottles for the last few years, and lose nothing of their efficacy through export. These waters, which issue from fifteen different springs, have all the same chemical composition, differing only in the amount of free carbonic acid which they contain, this depending upon the temperature at which the water reaches the surface, there being a difference of 40° Réaumur between the different springs. The hotter the water the less carbonic acid it holds in solution, and *vice versa*. The taste of the water is pleasant, slightly saline. The Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* in powder form is easily soluble, pleasant, and permanent.



SPRUDEL.

As to the difference between the Crystallized and Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* in powder form, I would say that both are obtained by evaporating the Carlsbad Mineral Waters; but the powder is, while still moist, exposed to the carbonic acid so abundantly given off by the springs, and in consequence differs from the Crystallized in containing more carbonates and less sulphates. In fact, it contains all of the soluble constituents of the waters, and hence more nearly represents the Carlsbad Mineral Waters themselves.

In addition to this the *Crystallized Carlsbad Sprudel Salt, being hygroscopic,* frequently *causes inconvenience* on this account. The Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt Powder*, on the contrary, occurs in a fine *granular powder*, and is *proof against all atmospheric changes*.

The effect of the waters, and of the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt*, powder form, dissolved in carbonic-acid water, or ordinary water, being so near alike, may be treated of together, and be summed up as follows:

Locally upon the stomach and bowels they produce a stimulating, alterative effect, and they also act as a sedative to the gastric nerves.

They neutralize the acids of the stomach, its normal acidity, according to researches of Dr. W. Jaworski, returning sooner after the use of the mineral waters than after the use of the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt*, powder form, in solution.

After several doses have been taken they act as a mild purgative, partly by increasing the peristaltic movements, diluting the contents of the bowels, dissolving toughened mucus, bile, and hardened fecal masses, and partly also by increasing the intestinal secretions; hence at times such copious discharges. During the continuance of the treatment there is an increased development of gases in the gastro-intestinal canal, which cause frequent odorless and tasteless eructations and the passing of flatus, having the odor of sulphuretted hydrogen.

The urine is generally increased in quantity, and, after a varying length of time, is rendered neutral or alkaline. The urea and uric acid are, according to the researches of Dr. Seegen, much diminished, whereas the phosphates are greatly increased in quantity. So-called brick-dust sediments in the urine, when present, disappear after several days' use.

The secretions of the skin are also increased, and sometimes altered in character. The skin frequently exfoliates, causing the complexion *to become much clearer*, an effect very noticeable in patients having freckles. After the use of the Carlsbad Waters or the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* in powder form for a few weeks, the patient becomes brighter, and the previous dulness gives place to a clearness of intellect, of thought, feeling, and fancy much exceeding that existing previous to the beginning of the treatment.

Most patients lose flesh, especially those who are very corpulent, *whereas thin and delicate patients who take much nourishment are apt to increase in weight.*

Other effects noticed are the disappearance of old inflammatory deposits, especially in the fibrous tissues. *Old rheumatic or gouty nodules* I have known to disappear entirely; also inflammatory thickenings around the uterus and its appendages. Upon the system generally a marked increase of tissue metamorphosis is noticed.

As to the diseases for which Carlsbad is recommended, they are so numerous that I will not take up your time in enumerating them. Suffice it to say that it may be used wherever an alkaline mineral water is indicated, especially where there is lack of tone in the gastro-intestinal tract, as in *dyspepsia*, deficient or perverted *biliary secretions, jaundice, chronic constipation*, etc.; where accumulations of fat, especially in the liver, other organs, or under the skin, are to be disposed of; where there is that peculiar discrasia known as the uric acid diathesis, as in *gout, rheumatism, gravel*, etc., and where inflammatory deposits, especially in the fibrous tissues, are to be removed, and in that peculiar and so little understood disease, *diabetes mellitus*.

Carlsbad may be said to be contra-indicated in all wasting diseases, especially those of the lungs, and those involving a great amount of suppuration, and in all acute febrile diseases, especially inflammatory and infectious diseases, etc.

As to the mode of administration: The dose of the imported mineral waters may be set down as 2 to 3 glasses of about 6 oz. each, drank slowly in the morning an hour before breakfast, another glass during the morning or afternoon, and one or two before retiring at night. The dose of the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt*, powder form, is about one teaspoonful dissolved in a glassful of water, taken three times a day, either one hour before or two hours after meals. If taken with the Carlsbad Water, one teaspoonful of the Salt with the first tumblerful of the water, taken in the morning, will suffice. When taken hot the effect on the bowels is less marked.

As to diet, experiments of Dr. E. Hlawacek and others, as well as my own, prove that any diet otherwise not contra-indicated by the disease may be indulged in during the continuance of the treatment.

The effect of exercise, although not found essential, is a factor which I think ought not to be lost sight of, especially where the disease is caused by sedentary habits. Experiments made by Dr. W. Jaworski prove that exercise hastens the passage of the waters from the stomach into the intestinal canal. The experiments made by Dr. Jaworski also proved that the normal acidity of the stomach returns sooner after the ingestion of the mineral waters than after solutions of Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* in powder form; hence *diseases of the stomach are generally best treated by the mineral waters*, whereas the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* in powder form is to be *preferred* in *diseases* of *the other viscera*, such as *intestinal canal, spleen, kidneys*, in *adiposis, diabetes*, etc., although this rule does not hold good in every case.

In conclusion, I would say that the Carlsbad Mineral Waters, as exported by the City of Carlsbad, being the natural product, is, of course, much to be preferred where the quantity of water is no objection, particularly in diseases of the stomach. Where, from any cause, two or three glasses of water cannot be taken, then the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt*, powder form, answers the purpose equally well, and in diseases other than of the stomach it is even to be preferred.

Furthermore, I would say that the Carlsbad Mineral Waters and *Sprudel Salt* do not differ in the least from any other remedial agent of well-known properties. That their effect is uniform and to be relied upon independently of any adjuncts of treatment, such as diet, exercise, or water.

In none of the cases enumerated was there any particular diet prescribed. The patients were allowed to choose for themselves, and to eat whatever their appetites craved.

Only in one case (No. 7) a hypochondriac took riding-lessons for one week, and then abandoned them entirely until two weeks after the treatment, when, as he expressed it, he had more heart to go about among people and enjoy himself. The other cases took very little, if any, exercise outside of that required by their respective callings.

As to the matter of taking the Carlsbad Waters or Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* solutions hot or cold, I would say that most patients preferred taking them cold, and as there appears to be the advantage that taken cold there are no so-called head symptoms, and a more decided purgative action, I have invariably given cold the preference, only using them hot in cases of diarrhœa, when I did not desire the purgative effect.

The foregoing would then prove conclusively that the Carlsbad Waters, as well as the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt Powder*, are *bona fide* remedial agents independent of the usual adjuncts of treatment. But I would not here be understood as making light of or ignoring them; their value has been proven many years ago, and who has not himself seen the benefits of copious draughts of water, well-directed exercise, change of scene, etc. If these can be had in addition, well and good; if not, a Carlsbad treatment need not therefore be dispensed with.

In conclusion, I would say that the experiments were made with the genuine imported Carlsbad Water and Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt*, which is bottled under the supervision of the City of Carlsbad, and has the signature of Eisner & Mendelson Co., sole agents for the U. S., and Loebel Schottlaender, sole licensee of the Spring, with the seal of the City of Carlsbad on the neck of every bottle. It would be folly to expect any reliable action from any of the numerous imitations sold here in bulk or in bottles.

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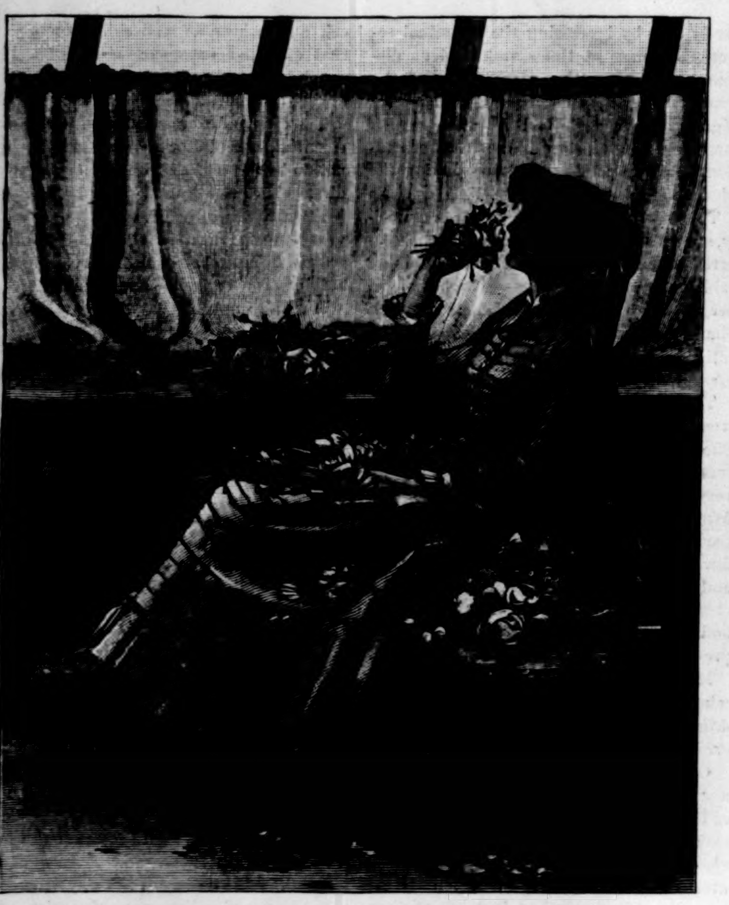

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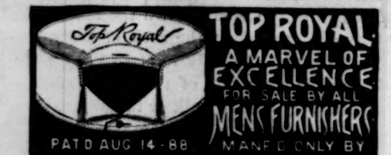

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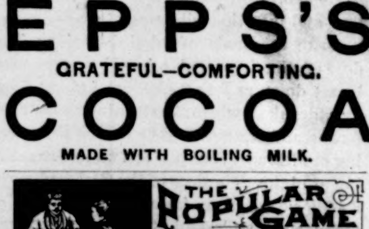

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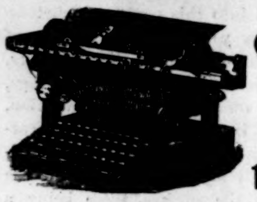

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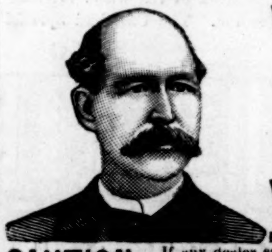

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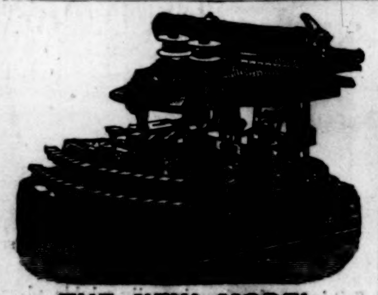

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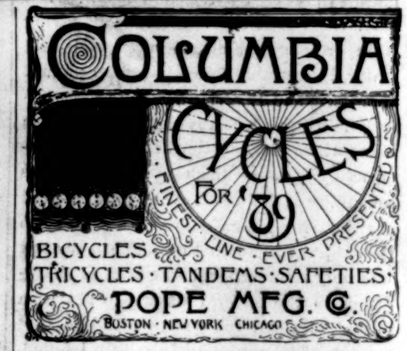
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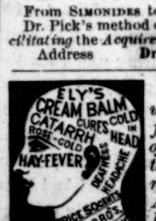

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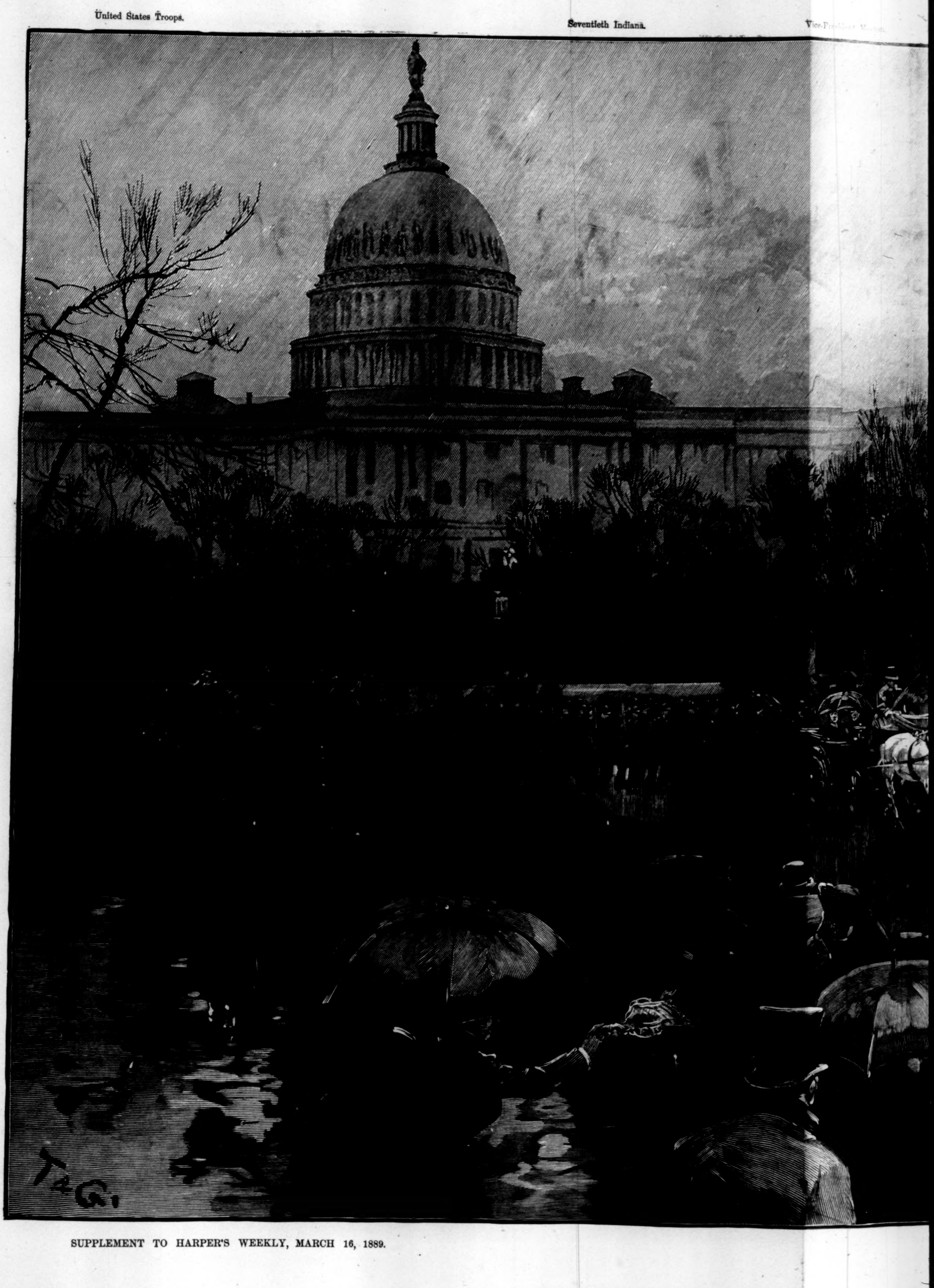
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Seventieth Indiana.
Vice-President Morton.

ice-President Morton.

President Harrison and ex-President Cleveland.

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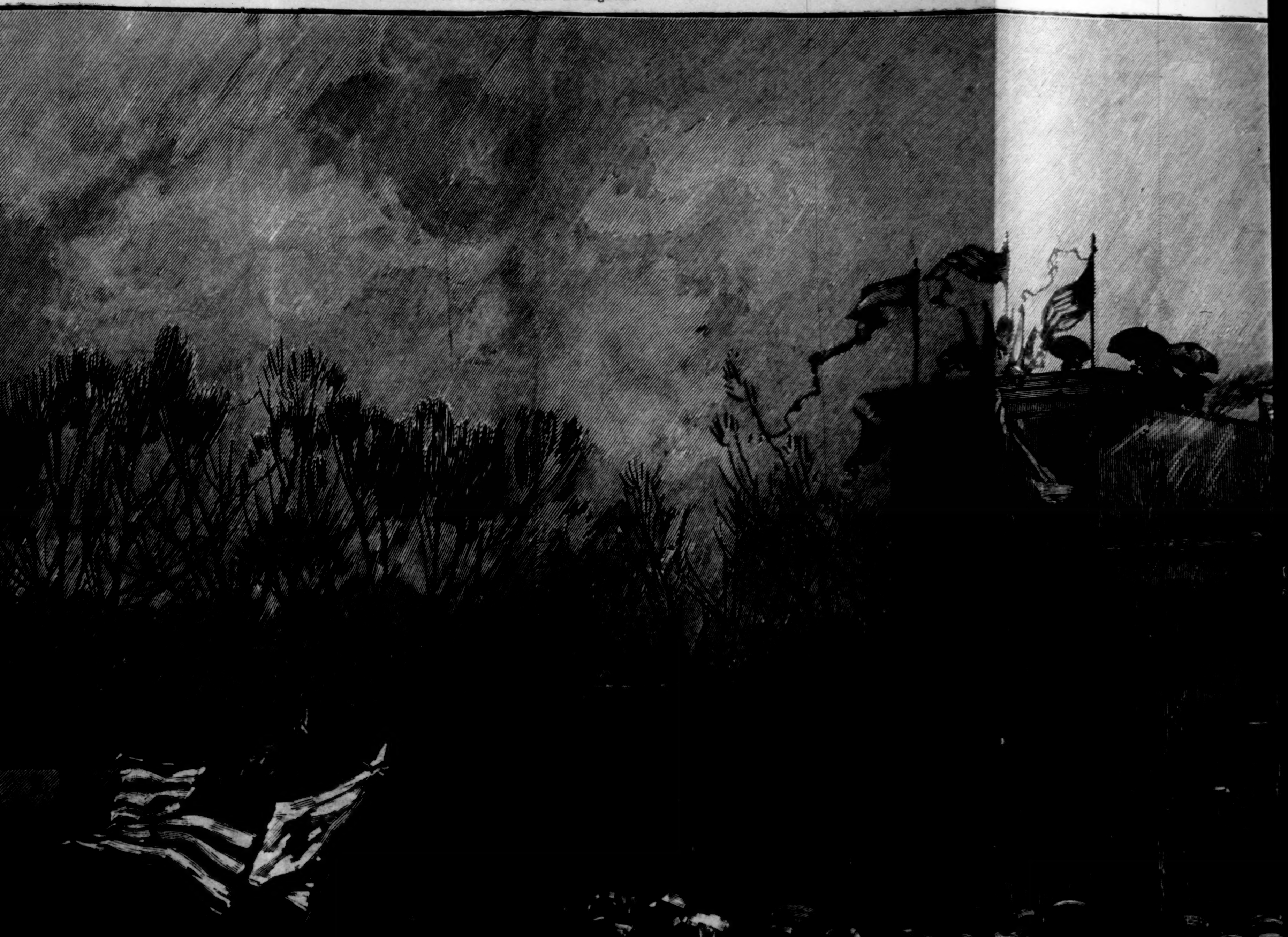
Seventieth Indiana—General Harrison's old Regiment.

ROCESSION RETURNING FROM THE CAPITOL.—Drawn by Thulstrup and Graham.—[See Pa

Seventieth Indiana—General Harrison's old Regiment
Grand Marshal Beaver's Staff

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Staff.

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